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INTERVAL

*George Denman*

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To S.H. Cardoell, with best  
wishes from General Dens  
May 1898.



# INTERVALLA



**Cambridge:**

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# INTERVALLA

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## VERSES

GREEK, LATIN AND ENGLISH

BY

THE RT. HON.

GEORGE DENMAN, M.A.,

FORMERLY FELLOW OF TRINITY COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE,  
AND JUDGE OF THE HIGH COURT.

FOR PRIVATE CIRCULATION.

CAMBRIDGE:

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1898

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JUNE 15, 1927

## PREFACE.

THE choice of *Intervalla* as the title of this book is due to the fact that it was inscribed by the author himself on the two manuscript volumes into which he copied the verses translations and epigrams written from time to time in the leisure hours of his public career.

George Denman, the seventh son of Thomas, first Lord Denman, Lord Chief Justice of England, was born on the 23rd of December, 1819, and was from 1833 to 1838 at Repton School under the Head-Mastership of the Rev. John Heyrick Macaulay. He proceeded to Trinity College, Cambridge, in October 1838, and at Easter, 1840, was elected to a Foundation Scholarship at the earliest date then possible, in company with A. Cayley, the Senior Wrangler of 1842, and H. A. J. Munro, the great Latin scholar. In 1842 he took his Bachelor's degree, having been 'Captain of

Ms. 11.14.18

the Poll' as well as Senior Classic in the Tripos of that year. In 1843 he was elected a Fellow of Trinity.

As a Cambridge man, he was even more widely known as an athlete than as a scholar. An energetic Captain of the First Trinity Boat Club, he rowed in that crew at the head of the river, and in the University crew against Oxford in 1841 and again in 1842, in which latter year he also won the Colquhoun Sculls.

He was called to the Bar in 1846, became a Queen's Counsel in 1861, and was Standing Counsel to the University of Cambridge from 1857 to 1872. After unsuccessfully contesting Cambridge University in 1856, he was elected Member for Tiverton as colleague of Lord Palmerston in 1859, and, with the exception of a portion of one year, continued to sit for that Borough until 1872.

On the 17th of October, 1872, he was appointed a Judge of the Court of Common Pleas, and in 1875, became a Judge of the High Court of Justice; which position he resigned on the 17th of October, 1892, after exactly twenty years' honourable service.

He was soon afterwards sworn a member of the Privy Council, and occasionally sat as a member of the Judicial Committee.

He died on the 21st of September, 1896, and was buried on the east side of the churchyard at Willian, near Hitchin, Hertfordshire.

The selection of verses and translations here printed has, very kindly, been made by the Rev. H. Montagu Butler, D.D., Master of Trinity, and Dr Sandys, Public Orator in the University of Cambridge—himself one of the three Senior Classics whom Repton has produced. To both these distinguished scholars, for the generous advice and assistance they have given, and especially to Dr Sandys for the labour involved in arranging, revising and editing the work, the warmest thanks are due from those members of the writer's family with whom they have been associated.

Though none of the following lines were originally written with a view to publication, the Greek versions of "Gray's Elegy" and of "Black-eyed Susan," and the English translation of Canon Kynaston's "Dinner Ode" were printed during the writer's lifetime, in deference to the desire of friends best able to judge of their worth.

The collection must be regarded not as the finished work of a professional scholar, but only as the incidental recreations of a scholarly member of another, and that an arduous, profession.



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# INTERVALLA



DEDICATION OF  
GRAY'S ELEGY, IN GREEK ELEGIACS.

---

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE  
SIR ALEXANDER J. E. COCKBURN, BART.  
LORD CHIEF JUSTICE OF ENGLAND.

MY DEAR LORD CHIEF JUSTICE,

*In sending my Greek Elegiacs to the Publishers,  
I am proud to be permitted to dedicate them to you.*

*Your kindness suggested, your encouragement sustained,  
and your approbation has rewarded this little effort to walk  
again, in paths once familiar, but long untrodden.*

*If I have to any extent succeeded in the attempt to turn  
into Greek verse one of the most English of all English  
poems, my success must be attributed, first, to the choice of  
metre, in which you overruled me; and, secondly, to the  
advantage I have had in being consulted from time to time  
by so great a master of our own language, as yourself, whilst  
you were engaged upon your far more difficult and far more  
successful achievement, of rendering the same poem into  
Latin Elegiacs.*

*Believe me to be,*

*My dear Lord Chief Justice,*

*Yours most truly,*

GEORGE DENMAN.

BONCHURCH, ISLE OF WIGHT,  
Sept. 1871.

## GRAY'S ELEGY.

THE curfew tolls the knell of parting day,  
The lowing herd wind slowly o'er the lea,  
The ploughman homeward plods his weary way,  
And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,  
And all the air a solemn stillness holds,  
Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,  
And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds;

Save that, from yonder ivy-mantled tower,  
The moping owl does to the Moon complain  
Of such, as, wand'ring near her secret bower,  
Molest her ancient, solitary reign.

Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade,  
Where heaves the turf in many a mould'ring heap,  
Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,  
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

The breezy call of incense-breathing morn,  
The swallow, twitt'ring from the straw-built shed,  
The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,  
No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.

For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,  
Or busy housewife ply her evening care:  
Nor children run to lisp their sire's return,  
Or climb his knees the envied kiss to share.

## ΑΙΑΙΝΟΝ ΑΙΑΙΝΟΝ ΕΙΠΕ.

Ἦμαρ ἀποιχόμενον κατοδύρεται αἴλινα κώδων  
 λείμακα δ' ἂν βραδέες φθόγγον ἰεῖσι βόες.  
 οἶκαδ' ἰὼν ἀροτῆρ' μόγις ἔλκει γυῖα κεκμηκώς·  
 καὶ σκοτία κάμοι πάνθ', ὅσα λοίπ', ἔλιπεν.

πάντοθ' ἀμαυροτέρα γαίας πέλει ὄψις ἀδήλου,  
 αἰθέρα τις δεινὴ δ' ἀμπέχει ἡσυχίῃ,  
 κάνθαρος εἰ μὴ πον δινεῖ βομβῶν πτερύγεσσιν,  
 ἥ κρόταλ' ἄργ' ὅσας τηλόθ' ἐς ὕπνον ἄγει·

εἰ μὴ πυργιδίῳ κρυφθεῖσ' ἐν κισσοχίτωνι  
 μέμφεται ἀνθρώποις γλαυῆς ὅθι νυκτιπλάνοις,  
 πρόσθε Σεληναίης, δνοφερῶν ὅσοι ἄγχι μελάβθρων  
 ὠγύγιον βλάπτουσ' οἰοπόλον τε θρόνον.

σμίλακος ἐνθάδ' ὑπὸ σκιερᾶς πτελεῶν τε παλαιῶν,  
 ὤγκωται σαθροῖς χθὼν ὅθι πλείστα τάφοις,  
 ἐν στεينوῖσι δόμοις, ἱκανοῖς γ' οἰκήμασιν, ἀπλοῦς  
 κωμητῶν προγόνους νήγρετος ὕπνος ἔχει.

τούτους οὐκ αὐθὶς ποτε πνεῦμ' Ἡοῦς θυοέσσης,  
 οὐ Πρόκνης λαλόεν φθέγμ' ὑπένερθε τέγουσ,  
 οὐ λιγὴν σαλπίζων ὄρνις, οὐδ' αὐλὸς ἀγρευτοῦ  
 τηλεφανῆς χθαμαλῶν ἐκκαλέσει λεχέων.

τοῖσδ' οὐκ ἐσχάριον λάμπει πῦρ ἐνδοθεν οἴκων,  
 οὐκ ἄλοχος σπονδὴν ἐσπερινὴν ἀνύτει,  
 οὐ παῖδες νόστον γλυκὺ τραυλίζουσι πατρῶον,  
 γοῦν' ἀναβαίνοντες, χεῖλέα τ' ἀρνύμενοι.



Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield,  
Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke;  
How jocund did they drive their team afield!  
How bow'd the woods beneath their sturdy stroke!

Let not Ambition mock their useful toil,  
Their homely joys, and destiny obscure;  
Nor Grandeur hear with a disdainful smile  
The short and simple annals of the poor.

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of pow'r,  
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,  
Await alike th' inevitable hour:  
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

Nor you, ye proud, impute to these the fault,  
If Memory o'er their tomb no trophies raise,  
Where, thro' the long-drawn aisle and fretted vault,  
The pealing anthem swells the note of praise.

Can storied urn, or animated bust,  
Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath?  
Can Honour's voice provoke the silent dust,  
Or Flatt'ry soothe the dull cold ear of death?

Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid  
Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire:  
Hands that the rod of empire might have sway'd,  
Or wak'd to ecstasy the living lyre.

But Knowledge to their eyes her ample page,  
Rich with the spoils of Time, did ne'er unroll;  
Chill Penury repress'd their noble rage,  
And froze the genial current of the soul.

πολλάκι τοι τούτων δρεπάναις βαθὺ λήϊον εἶξε,  
 σκληρὰ δ' εἰς μαλακοὺς αὐλακὰς αἰ' ἐδάμην·  
 ὡς ἱλαρῶς ζευκτοὺς ἵππους πρὸς ἄρουραν ἔπειγον,  
 ὥς σφι πυκνῷ πληγῶν κάππεσε δένδρα κράτει.

μηδ' Ὑπερηφανίη πόνον ὠφέλιμόν τ' ἀθέρϊζοι  
 οἰκείας τε χαρὰς καὶ βιότους ἀκλέας·  
 μηδὲ κλύοι Δύνασις, τρυφερὸν γέλω ἐγγελώσα,  
 βαυὰ περ ὄντ', ἀπόρων, ἅπλοά τ' ἔργα βροτῶν.

ἀρχαίου γένεος κλεινῆς τ' αὐχὴ βασιλείας,  
 τέρπν' ὅσ' ἔδωκ' εἶδος, χρήσθ' ὅσα πλοῦτος ἔχει,  
 ταῦτά γε πάντα μένει τὸ πεπρωμένον ἡμᾶρ ἐκάστω·  
 εἰς Θανάτοιο πύλας ἦλθ' ὁδὸς Εὐτυχίης.

μηδ' ὕμμες, Μεγάλοι, τούσδ' αἰτιάεσθ' ὅτι τύμβοις  
 αὐτῶν οὐ πιστοὶ μνήμ' ἐπέθεντο φίλοι,  
 ἐνθ' ἱεροῦ κατὰ μῆκος ἀγανού, δαιδαλόεντος,  
 ἡχῆεις σεμνοῖς ὕμνος ὄρωρε βρόμοις.

πῶς ἐπιτυμβίδιον γὰρ ἔπος, πῶς θεῖον ἄγαλμα  
 ἐκ χροῦς ἂν παμμένην ἀγκαλέσταιτο πνοήν;  
 πῶς ποτὲ Δόξα κόνιν θανάτῳ σιγῶσαν ἐπείξει,  
 θωπεία θάλπει ψυχρὰ τίς ὤτα νεκρῶν;

τῇδὲ γε μῆν, τάχα κείμεν ἐν ἀγνώστοισι τάφοισι,  
 κῆρ, τὸ πρὶν οὐρανίων ἔγκυν ἀστεροπῶν·  
 ἢ χέρες εὐρείας ἀρχῆς αἰ σκῆπτρ' ἂν ἐνειμαν,  
 ζῶσαν δ' εἰς μανίην πηκτιδ' ἐπηρέθισαν.

ὄψει μὲν τούτων οὐ δι' ἀνέωξε Μάθησις  
 βιβλί' ἀπ' ἀρχαίων πλοῦτον ἔχοντα χρόνων·  
 ῥιγῶσ' ἀνδρείαν Πενίη τοῖσδ' ἔσβεσεν ὀργήν,  
 ὥς κρυμῷ θερμῆς ρεῖθρον ἔπηξε φρενός.

Full many a gem, of purest ray serene,  
The dark unfathom'd caves of ocean bear;  
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,  
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

Some village Hampden, that, with dauntless breast,  
The little tyrant of his fields withstood;  
Some mute inglorious Milton here may rest;  
Some Cromwell guiltless of his country's blood.

Th' applause of list'ning senates to command,  
The threats of pain and ruin to despise,  
To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,  
And read their history in a nation's eyes,

Their lot forbad: nor circumscribed alone  
Their growing virtues, but their crimes confin'd;  
Forbad to wade through slaughter to a throne,  
And shut the gates of mercy on mankind;

The struggling pangs of conscious truth to hide,  
To quench the blushes of ingenuous shame,  
Or heap the shrine of Luxury and Pride  
With incense, kindled at the Muse's flame.

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife,  
Their sober wishes never learn'd to stray;  
Along the cool sequestered vale of life  
They kept the noiseless tenor of their way.

Yet ev'n these bones from insult to protect,  
Some frail memorial still erected nigh,  
With uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculpture deck'd,  
Implores the passing tribute of a sigh.

οὕτως Ὀκεανοῦ κρύπτει μυχὰ νέρτατ' ἀβύσσου  
 πλειστάκις ἀκράτων λαμπρὸν ὄραμα λίθων·  
 οὕτως ἄνθεα πάλλ', αὐτὼς αἶδηλ', ἐς ἐρήμον  
 ἡέρα θυμήρη πνεύματ' ἀφῆκε μάτην.

ἐνθάδ' ἴσως κείται τις, ἀτρέστῳ θυμῷ ἀνεστὼς  
 δεσπότην ἀντ' ὀλίγου δεύτερος Ἀρμόδιος·  
 ἐνθάδ' Ὀμηρος ἴσως, ἀλλ' ἀφθογγος καὶ ἄδοξος,  
 ἡὲ Γέλων, ἀστῶν αἵματος οὐκ ἔνοχος.

βουλευτῶν ἀκοὴν καγκώμια τέρπν' ἀπολαύνει,  
 ἄλγεος ἡδ' ὀλέθρου δεῖμα καταφρονέειν,  
 πατρίδι τ' εὐπορίην διδόναι γλυκὺ μειδιώσῃ,  
 λαοῦ τε στοργὴν, μνημ' ἐρικυδέες, ἔχειν—

ταῦτά γε Μοῖρ' ἀπέτρεψ', οὐ μὴν μόνον ὦρις ἀπ' ἐσθλῶν  
 ἀλλ' αἰσχυρῶν πάντων σμικρὸν ἔδωκε μέρος,  
 οὐ γὰρ ἔασε κρατεῖν ἀρχῆς, νήχοντας ἀν' αἷμα·  
 οὐ διὰ τῶνδ' Ἑλέου νηὸν ἐκλείσει βροτοῖς.

οὐ σφιν Ἀληθείης κρύπτειν ἔντοσθεν ἀγῶνα  
 οὐδ' ἄρ' ὑπῆρξ' Αἰδοῦς ἀγνὸν ἔρευθος ἐλεῖν,  
 οὐδὲ Τρυφῆς θυμέλην Ὑπερηφανίης τε γεμίζειν  
 Ἀονίου θυέων ἐκ πυρὸς ἀπτομένων.

τῇλ' ἀπὸ δυσκλεέος τ' ἐριδος δήμου τε βοῶντος  
 σώφρονες, οὐκ ἔτραπον πρὸς τὰ χέρηα φρένας,  
 αἰὲν ἀν' ἡσύχιον βιώτου καὶ δάσκιον ἄγκος  
 χωρὶς, ἄνευ ταραχῆς, ὄρθ' ἀνύτοντες ὁδόν.

ἀλλ' ἂ γε τοῖς, καίπερ τεθνηκόσιν, ὕβριν ἄμυνοι,  
 μνημεῖ' οἰχομένων φαῦλα τάδ' ἔστιν ἰδεῖν,  
 ἃ ρυθμοὺς ἀμέτρους, μορφὰς γλυφθέντα τ' ἀμόρφους,  
 δάκρυ παρερχομένους λίσσεται ἡκα φίλους.

Their name, their years, spelt by th' unletter'd muse,  
The place of fame and elegy supply :  
And many a holy text around she strews,  
That teach the rustic moralist to die.

For who, to dumb forgetfulness a prey,  
This pleasing anxious being e'er resign'd,  
Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,  
Nor cast one longing, ling'ring look behind?

On some fond breast the parting soul relies,  
Some pious drops the closing eye requires :  
Ev'n from the tomb the voice of nature cries,  
Ev'n in our ashes live their wonted fires.

For thee, who, mindful of th' unhonour'd dead,  
Dost in these lines their artless tale relate ;  
If, chance, by lonely Contemplation led,  
Some kindred spirit shall inquire thy fate,

Haply some hoary-headed swain may say,  
"Oft have we seen him, at the peep of dawn,  
Brushing, with hasty steps, the dews away,  
To meet the sun upon the upland lawn.

There, at the foot of yonder nodding beech,  
That wreathes its old fantastic roots so high,  
His listless length at noontide would he stretch,  
And pore upon the brook that babbles by.

Hard by yon wood, now smiling, as in scorn,  
Mutt'ring his wayward fancies, he would rove ;  
Now drooping, woeful wan, like one forlorn,  
Or craz'd with care, or crossed in hopeless love.

ὄνομα, ἔτη, βίωτον τε τέλος, χερὸς ἔργον ἀμούσου,  
 ἀντ' ἐλέγων ἀρκεῖ ταῦτα καὶ ἱστορίης·  
 ῥήματα δ' ἐνθα καὶ ἐνθ' ἀγίων λέγει ἔκκριτα βιβλων  
 ὡς ζῆν ἀγροίκους, ὡς δ' ἄρ' ἔοικε θανεῖν.

τίς γὰρ, ἀναισθήτῃ ποτὲ λησμοσύνη καταληφθεὶς,  
 τὴν γλυκύπικρον ἔδραν σώματος ἐξέλιπεν;  
 τίς ποτ' ἀπ' Ἑλίου φύγεν τεμένους ἐρατεινοῦ,  
 οὐδ' ἄρ' ἀνέβλεψεν βλέμμα πόθοιο πλόν;

αἰὲν ἀναγκαῖον τινὸς ἥτορος ἄπτεται ἥτορ,  
 δάκρυ' ἀπ' οἰκείου δ' ὄμματος ὄμμα φιλεῖ·  
 ἢ μὴν καὶ τύμβου Φύσεως μεγάλ' ἴαχε φωνή,  
 καὶ σποδῷ ἀρχαῖον πῦρ ἐν καίόμενον.

σοὶ δ'—ὦ ἀτιμήτων βίον οὐκ ἀμνήμονι θυμῷ  
 ἦνθανεν εὐήθη τοῖσδ' ἐπέεσσι λέγειν,  
 οἰοπολῶν εἴ τις, βαθύ τ' ἐν φρεσὶ μερμηρίζων,  
 σύμφρων τ' αἰτήσῃ—σοὶ τίς ὑπήρξε μῶρος;

ὦδε τάχ' ἂν ποιμὴν, κεφαλὴν λευκανθέα νέων,  
 εἴποι—πολλάκι τοι τοῦτον ἔωθεν ἶδον,  
 ὡς ἐλαφροῖσι δρόσον σκέδασεν ποσὶν ὦκα βαδίζων,  
 Φοῖβον ἐπ' ἀκροτάτῃ βουνῷ ὑπαντιάσων.

πολλάκι δ' ἂν μέσον ἡμαρ, ὑπαὶ δρυὸς εὐρυκαρῆνον,  
 ἐμπλέκεται ῥιζῶν γραῖα σύναψις ὅπου,  
 γυῖ αὐτῷ τείνεσκε καὶ ἡρέμα τὴν λαλόεσσαν  
 τήρησεν ποταμοῦ σπερχομένοιο ῥοήν.

ἢ δρυμοῖο πέλας, χῶς ἀνθρώπων ὑπερόπτης,  
 φάσματα μειδιῶν ἐψιθύριζε κενά·  
 ἦδ', ὠχρὸς καὶ ἄθυμος, ὅπως φιλίας τις ἐρήμος,  
 ἢ μανία πληγεῖς, ἢ δυσέρως τις ἔβη.

One morn I miss'd him on the 'custom'd hill,  
Along the heath, and near his fav'rite tree:  
Another came; nor yet beside the rill,  
Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he.

The next, with dirges due, in sad array,  
Slow thro' the church-yard path we saw him borne.  
Approach and read (for thou can'st read) the lay,  
Graved on the stone beneath yon aged thorn."

## THE EPITAPH.

Here rests his head upon the lap of earth  
A youth to fortune and to fame unknown;  
Fair Science frown'd not on his humble birth,  
And Melancholy mark'd him for her own.

Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere,  
Heav'n did a recompence as largely send:  
He gave to mis'ry all he had, a tear;  
He gain'd from Heav'n ('twas all he wish'd) a friend.

No farther seek his merits to disclose,  
Or draw his frailties from their dread abode,  
(There they alike in trembling hope repose),  
The bosom of his Father and his God.

GRAY.

αἴσιμον ἡμαρ ἐπῆλθεν ἐγὼ δέ μιν οὐκέτ' ἐν ἄκροις  
 βουνοῖς, οὐδ' ἀν' ἀγροῖς, οὐδ' ὑπὸ δένδρῳ ἴδον·  
 δεύτερος ὄρθρος ἐπῆν· οὐδ' αὖ ποταμοῖο ῥέοντος  
 ἐγγύθεν, ὥς τὸ πάρος, κοῦ παρὰ δρυμῶ ἔην.

ὥς δ' ἡμαρ τρίτον ἦκεν, ἱαλέμου αἰνοῦ ὑπ' αὐτῇ,  
 εἶδομεν ἔρπουσαν πρὸς τάφον ἐκκομδὴν·  
 δεῦρ' ἴθι, κἀνάγνωθι, σοφός γ' ὦν, πὰρ παλιούρῳ  
 γραΐα, ὅσ' ἀξέστῳ ῥήματ' ἔπεστι λίθῳ.

## ΕΠΙΓΡΑΜΜΑ.

τῇδ' εὐδαι, κεφαλὴν ποτὶ κόλπῳ γῆς ἀνακλινθεῖς,  
 κοῦρος, ἄδοξος ὅλως, Εὐτυχίης τ' ἄμορος·  
 τῷ μὴν, καὶ βρέφει ὄντ', οὐκ ἤχθετο διὰ Μάθησις,  
 τόνθ', ὥς κτῆμ' ἴδιον, χώρισε Δυσφροσύνη.

γενναῖος μὲν ἔην ψυχὴν, καὶ ἐτήτυμα βάζων,  
 μισθὸν ἀμοιβαῖον δ' ἀνταπέδωκε Θεός.  
 δάκρυ' ὄγ' ἀθλιότητι πόρεν, (πλέον οὐκ ἐδυνάσθη)  
 οὐρανόθεν δ' ἔλαχεν, (τοῦθ' ἐν ἔχρηξί) φίλον.

ἀλλ' ἀρετὰς οὐ δεῖ τούτου σ' ἔτι μᾶλλον ἐρευνᾶν,  
 οὐδὲ κάκ' ἔργ' ὀσίου δώματος ἐξερύνειν,  
 ἐνθ' ἄμφω, τρομέοντα καὶ ἐλπίζοντ', ἀπόκειται  
 Τῷδε πᾶρ' ὅς Γενετήρ ἐστιν ὁμῶς τε Θεός.



## BLACK-EYED SUSAN.

All in the Downs the fleet was moored,  
The streamers waving in the wind,  
When black-eyed Susan came on board;  
"Oh! where shall I my true love find?  
"Tell me, ye jovial sailors, tell me true,  
"If my sweet William sails among the crew?"

William, who, high upon the yard,  
Rocked with the billows to and fro,  
Soon as her well-known voice he heard,  
He sighed, and cast his eyes below.  
The cord slides swiftly through his glowing hands  
And, quick as lightning, on the deck he stands.

So the sweet lark, high poised in air,  
Shuts close his pinions to his breast,  
If chance his mate's shrill call he hear,  
And drops at once into his nest.  
The noblest captain in the British fleet  
Might envy William's lips those kisses sweet.

"O Susan, Susan, lovely dear,  
"My vows shall ever true remain;  
"Let me kiss off that falling tear;  
"We only part to meet again.  
"Change as ye list, ye winds; my heart shall be  
"The faithful compass that still points to thee.

## Η ΜΕΛΑΝΟΣΣΟΣ ΣΟΥΣΑΝΝΑ.

ἐν ναυστάθμοις ἔκειτο πᾶς νεῶν στόλος,  
σημεῖα δ' ἀνέμοις εὐπνόοις ἐσείετο,  
μελάνοσσος εὐτε παρθένος, νεανιῶν  
ζητοῦσ' ὃν εἶχε φίλτατον, προσέκετο,  
ναύταις δ' ἀνείπεν, ἰλαρὲ ναυβατῶν ὄχλε,  
ἦ Γουλξέλμος οὐμός ἐσθ' ὑμῖν πάρα;

ὁ δ' αὖ, κεραφαῖς ὑψόσ' ἐγκαθήμενος,  
πόντου τιναχθεὶς ἄλλοσ' ἄλλοθεν σάλῳ,  
ὥς αὐτίκ' ἔγνω φιλάτης κόρης ὅπα,  
ἔρωτι πληγείς, ὅμμ' ἀπέρβρυψεν κάτω·  
σχοινία δ' ἄρ' ἄφνω διὰ χερῶν διέπτατο,  
ἐπ' ἱκρίοις δ' ἔστηκεν ἀστραπῆς δίκη.

κορυδαλλὸς οὕτως ὑψόθεν τανύπτερος,  
κορυδαλλίδος λιγείαν εἰ φωνὴν κλύει,  
ἔγνωκε· συστείλας δὲ πρὸς στέρνον πτερὰ  
εἰς τὴν κάτωθι σπεύδεται νεοσσίαν.  
ναύαρχος αὐτὸς τοῦ βρετανικοῦ στόλου  
τοιαῦτ' ἂν ἦρπασ' ἄσμενος φιλήματα.

Σούσαν' ἐμῇ, Σούσαννα, φίλτατον κάρα,  
βέβαιος ἡμῇ πίστις αἰὲν ἐμμενεῖ·  
φέρ' ἐξαλείψω χεῖλεσιν πτηνὸν δάκρυ·  
ἀποίχομαι μὲν, νόστιμος δ' ἐλεύσομαι.  
ἄνεμοι, μεταλλάσσεσθε· καρδία δ' ἐμῇ,  
μαγνήτης οἶα, πρὸς σε, τὴν Ἄρκτον, ῥέπει.

"Believe not what the landsmen say  
    "Who tempt with doubts thy constant mind ;  
"They'll tell thee, sailors, when away,  
    "In every port a mistress find.  
"Yes, yes, believe them when they tell thee so,  
"For thou art with me wheresoe'er I go.

"If to far India's coast we sail,  
    "Thy eyes are seen in diamonds bright ;  
"Thy breath is Afric's spicy gale,  
    "Thy skin is ivory so white.  
"Thus every beauteous object that I view  
"Wakes in my soul some charm of lovely Sue.

"Though battle call me from thy arms,  
    "Let not my pretty Susan mourn.  
"Though cannons roar, yet safe from harms  
    "William shall to his dear return.  
"Love turns aside the balls that round me fly,  
"Lest precious tears should drop from Susan's eye."

The boatswain gave the dreadful word ;  
    The sails their swelling bosom spread ;  
No longer must she stay aboard ;  
    They kissed ; she sighed ; he hung his head.  
Her lessening boat, unwilling, rows to land ;  
"Adieu !" she cries, and waves her lily hand.

GAY.

οἴκοι μενόντων μὴ πίθῃ λόγοις βροτῶν,  
 πίστιν θελόντων ψεύδεσιν διαστρέφειν,  
 ὡς δῆθεν ἀνδρῶν ναυβατῶν, ὅπῃ χθονὸς  
 τύχως, ἔρωτα καινὸν εὐρόντων αἰεί—  
 πιθοῦ μὲν οὖν σὺ ταῦτα προσποιουμένοις,  
 σὺ γὰρ πάρει μοι πανταχῇ πλανωμένῳ.

τηλουρὸν εἰ γῆν Ἰνδικῶν προσπλεύσομαι,  
 λίθοι φαενναὶ σῶν ἔχουσ' ὅσων φάος,  
 αὔραι τε Λιβυκαὶ σαῖσιν εἴξασιν πνοαῖς,  
 ἐλέφας δὲ τὴν σὴν οὐ νενίκηκεν χροᾶν·  
 οὕτω δ', ὅσ' ἂν κάλλιστα προσβλέψω ποτὲ,  
 μνήμη πάρεσται ταῦτα Σουσάννης ἐμοί.

πόλεμῳ δὲ σῶν περ φρουδὸν ὠλενῶν ἄπο,  
 μή μ' ἄντομαι δάκρυε, καλλίστῃ κόρῃ,  
 χάρμης γὰρ αὐτῆς ἐκ μέσων βροντημάτων  
 σωθεῖς, σὲ Γουλιέλμος ὄψεται πάλιν.

Ἔρωσ γὰρ πάντοσ' ἀμφὶς ἐκτρέψει βέλη,  
 μὴ μαργαρίτιν ὄμμα σὸν στάζῃ μίαν.

νῦν δ' αὖ κελευστής πικρὸν ἐξείπεν λόγον·  
 ἄνεμοι δὲ πληροῦσ' ἱστίων κόλπους βαθεῖς.  
 οὐ δεῖ μένειν Σούσανναν· ἐν δ' ἀσπάζεσθαι  
 αὐτοῖς στενάζει· κλίνεται δ' ἀνὴρ κάρα.  
 ὡς δ', ἥσσον αἰεὶ, θινὶ χρίμπτεται σκάφος,  
 χαίρειν κελεύει φιλτάτῃ τὸν φίλτατον,  
 ἀπαλοῖς δ' ὁμοίας λειρίοις τείνει χέρας.

*Nov. 25, 1886; revised May, 1887.*

*Lines written in a grotto at Melbourne, Derbyshire, and given me by J. C. Lawrance, Q.C., M.P., with a request for a Latin version.*

Rest, weary stranger, in this shady cave  
 And taste, if languid, of the mineral wave;  
 There's Virtue in the draught; for Health, that flies  
 From crowded cities and their smoky skies,  
 Here lends her power to every glade and hill,  
 Strength to the breeze and medicine to the rill.

*Come, Sleep!*

Come, Sleep! Though image Thou of Death most meet,  
 Yet, in my grief for thy embrace I sigh;  
 Come then! nor soon depart; for 'tis most sweet  
 Thus without life to live, thus without death to die.

Life—yet no pain of living—Oh, how sweet!  
 Death—yet no sting of death he feels or knows,  
 Whose eye thou closest. In his bosom meet  
 The bliss of being, and the grave's repose.

[The first of the above stanzas is a translation of the lines composed by Thomas Warton, to be placed under a statue of *Somnus*:—

Somne veni, et quanquam certissima Mortis imago es,  
 Consortem cupio te tamen esse tori!  
 Huc ades, haud abiture cito: nam sic sine vita  
 Vivere quam dulce est, sic sine morte mori!]

*Aqua salutifera.*

Quisquis in umbroso requiesces languidus antro,  
Carpe salutiferam, fesse Viator, aquam.  
Est in aqua virtus; nam, quæ fugit Urbis opacæ  
Sordes, et strepitum Plebis, amœna Salus,  
Vallibus hic vires, vires hic montibus addit;  
Fit vigor hic Zephyrus; fit medicina latex.

1882.

*Somne, veni!*

Somne, veni! Nam, vera licet sis Mortis imago,  
Me dolor amplexus cogit avere tuos.  
Somne, veni! serusque mane! Tecum, sine vita  
Vivere, quam dulce est! quam sine morte, mori!  
Vivere—nec vitæ miseros sentire dolores;  
Mortis et exempto vulnere suave mori.  
Nam, cui Tu claudes oculos, feliciter illi  
Et Vita in gremio est, Mortis et alma quies.

1892.

*In the "Rock Garden" at Newick Park, near Lewes, belonging to J. H. Sclater, Esq., is a crystal-clear well, which overflows gently and noiselessly into a rill watering a beautiful wilderness-garden, called the "Dell." On a visit there on June 8th, 1895, I read the following German lines, there inscribed on a tablet.*

"Immer rinnet diese Quelle,  
Niemals plaudert ihre Welle:  
Komm, Wanderer, hier zu ruhn,  
Komm, lern' an dieser Quelle  
Stillschweigend Gutes thun."

ANON.

#### FOUND.

*(A free rendering of Goethe's "Gefunden.")*

In the wood I wandered  
Listening to the breeze;  
Many things I pondered  
Underneath the trees.

There I saw a flower  
Growing in the shade,  
Gladdening a bower  
In the forest-glade;

*Translation, posted the same evening to Mr Sclater,  
with a letter:—*

Sine strepitu, abunde,  
Fluit cursus hujus undæ.  
Hic, viator, hic quiescas,  
Ut silentio assuescas,  
Et beneficus sis sponte,  
Silens—hoc docente fonte.

1895.

εὔρηκα.

In silva errabam, multa et meditabar, et aure  
Captabam Zephyri murmura grata levis.  
Visus ibi vitæque frui densaque sub umbra  
Flosculus arboreum lætificare nemus.



*INTERVALLA.*

Rivalling in lightness  
Stars in summer skies,  
Or the dewy brightness  
Of a maiden's eyes.

Said I "Sweetest flower  
Thou shalt come to me;  
Happy was the hour,  
When I chanced on thee!"

Then it cried "Why take me  
From the forest-glade?  
Prythee do not break me  
But to let me fade."

O'er it long I tarried,  
Moved its roots with care,  
And I safely carried  
Home that blossom fair.

Then my flower I planted  
In a quiet place,  
Gave it all it wanted,  
Watched it grow in grace.

Now it is a treasure  
More to me than gold,  
And beyond all measure  
Fairer than of old.

E. J. FOWLER, *Verses Grave and Gay.*

Non secus æstivo scintillant sidera cælo,  
 Virginis aut oculo lux, quasi rore, nitet:  
 Tum dixi "Mecum, flos o dulcissime, abibis;  
 "Ah! nimium felix te dedit hora mihi!"

Flosculus at "Cur me silvestri vellis ab umbra?  
 "Ne frangas! ah! ne marceat omne decus!"  
 Deinde, operi incumbens salvis radicibus, ipsum  
 Gnaviter extraxi, rite tulique domum,

Semotoque loco seclusi, si quid abesset  
 Suppeditans. Semper pulchrior inde fuit.  
 Nunc meus est multo mihi flos pretiosior auro,  
 Clarior et multo quam fuit ante decor.

1892.

## INTERVALLA.

*The Fountain.*

Down to the vale this water steers :  
How merrily it goes !  
'Twill murmur on a thousand years,  
And flow as now it flows.

And here, on this delightful day  
I cannot choose but think  
How oft, a vigorous man, I lay  
Beside this fountain's brink.

My eyes are dim with childish tears,  
My heart is idly stirred,  
For the same sound is in my ears  
Which in those days I heard.

Thus fares it still in our decay ;  
And yet the wiser mind  
Mourns less for what age takes away  
Than what it leaves behind.

WORDSWORTH, *The Fountain.*

*You ask me why the Muse is mute.*

You ask me why the Muse is mute  
'Mid scenes so fair as these,  
When Nature plies her every art,  
Her utmost power, to please.

*Lympha loquax.*

In vallem facili cernis ut ambitu  
Descendens viridem lympha loquax salit !  
Quo jucunda hodie murmure defluit  
Longa in sæcula defluet.

Inter delicias Veris amabiles,  
A grata hoc nequeo mente repellere,  
Quod sæpe hic jacui viribus integris  
Cari in margine rivuli.

Nunc ergo insolitæ guttæ oculos replent,  
Incassumque iterum pectora palpitant,  
Dum notos sonitus percipio, quibus  
Gaudebam toties puer.

Sic plorare senes cogimur. Attamen  
O, si quid sapias, Postume, tu minus  
Plorabis senio perdita, quam tibi  
Quæ mansura superstiti.

1889.

*Quare Musa silet ?*

"Inter delicias ruris amabiles  
"Quare Musa silet?" prospiciens rogas,  
"Quamvis illecebras ante oculos suas  
"Natura explicet artifex."

## INTERVALLA.

Oh! there are sun-lit heights of bliss  
That words can never reach;  
And there are thoughts which flood the soul  
Beyond the power of speech.

As on some deep and silent pool  
The sweet reflections stay,  
While, lower down, the broken stream  
Babbles them all away,

My heart receives each impress fair  
And smoothly flows along;  
But by and bye, 'mid rougher scenes,  
'Twill babble into song.

HORACE SMITH.

He that fights and runs away  
May live to fight another day;  
But he that is in battle slain  
Can never live to fight again.

BUTLER, *Hudibras*.

Love is blind and lovers cannot see  
The pretty follies that themselves commit.  
SHAKESPEARE, *Merchant of Venice*, ii 6.

For what is true repentance but in thought—  
Not even in inmost thought to think again  
The sins that made the past so pleasant to us.

TENNYSON, *Guinevere*.

Ah ! sunt lætitiæ culmina lucidæ,  
Quæ non Musa potest scandere, solibus  
Illustrata suis. Sic animo scatent

Lingua non memorabiles

Sensus ; utque in aquis lene silentibus  
Pulchræ sæpe manent formæ et imagines,  
Quas mox unda loquax et vada turbida

Mixto murmure destruunt,

Sic quæ nunc video pectus in integrum  
Cor, labens placide, leniter accipit ;  
Mox, terris inhians asperioribus,

Cantu fors nimio furet.

1890.

Qui clipeum abjecit medio in certamine Martis,  
Forsitan ille alio tempore miles erit ;  
Sed semel in pugna si quis cadat ense necatus,  
Illi non iterum pugna nec ensis erit.

1872.

Est quia cæcus Amor, cæcus quoque cernere Amator  
Stultitias dulces, quas probat ipse, nequit.

1895.

Quid vera pænitentia 'st nisi intus est ?  
Ut ne vel imis mentis in penetralibus  
Exstet cupido prava, qualem amavimus.

1894.

For I never whispered a private affair  
 Within the hearing of cat or mouse,  
 No, not to myself in the closet alone,  
 But I heard it shouted at once from the top of the  
 house.

TENNYSON, *Maud*.

*Epitaph on the father of Sir Archibald Alison, the  
 Historian; in a churchyard in Shropshire.*

Man, thoughtless man, whose moments quickly fly,  
 Wakes but to sleep again, and lives to die:  
 But when this fleeting mortal life is o'er  
 Man dies to live, and lives to die no more.

*Ascribed to SIR ARCHIBALD ALISON.*

Reverend Sir,

You are requested to attend a Meeting of  
 the Bridge Committee on Saturday the 2nd of November,  
 at 12 o'clock, to take in consideration Mr Diffles's report  
 as to the propriety of laying down gas-pipes.

We are, Rev. Sir,

Yours respectfully,

SMITH AND SONS, *Clerks*.

[See Dr Kennedy's *Between Whiles*, p. 164 f.]

Si quando in tacitis delicta aliena susurris  
 Coram fele una mureve forte noto,  
 Vel mecum arcanis loquor in penetralibus, alto  
 Vox ea de tecti culmine clara boat.

1894.

*Mors et vita.*

Inconsultus HOMO, qui dum fugit hora vicissim,  
 Dormiat ut, vigil est; ut moriatur, agit;  
 Haecce ubi vita fugax cursum confecerit, idem  
 Ut vivat moritur, nec moriturus obit.

1894.

*Ipsa veni!*

Concilio, pontis cui tradita cura tuendi,  
 Ut bonus intersis, posceris; ipsa veni!  
 Nam quarto Nonas concurritur ante Novembres,  
 Saturni medium sole tenente diem.  
 Quaerendum an prosit, causas Diffille ferente,  
 Sternere quos tenuis permeat aura tubos.  
 Hanc Scribae mittunt Fabri, natiq; paterque,  
 Qui multum pastor te reverende colunt.



*Against Idleness and Mischief.*

How doth the little busy bee  
Improve each shining hour,  
And gather honey all the day  
From every opening flower!

How skilfully she builds her cell!  
How neat she spreads the wax!  
And labours hard to store it well  
With the sweet food she makes.

In works of labour or of skill  
I would be busy too;  
For Satan finds some mischief still  
For idle hands to do.

In books, or work, or healthful play,  
Let my first years be past,  
That I may give for every day  
Some good account at last.

WATTS, *Divine and Moral Songs.*

*To a Star.*

Twinkle, twinkle, little Star  
How I wonder what you are!  
Up above the world so high,  
Like a diamond in the sky.

*Labor omnia vincit.*

Ecce ut parvula apis, grandi studio atque labore,  
Carpit inexhaustam dum nitet hora diem!  
Mellaque delibans, a sole oriente peragrat,  
Noctis ad occasum flos ubicunque patet.  
Qua struit arte favos! ceram quam gnaviter aptat!  
Complendam dulci, quem paret ipsa, cibo!  
Artibus innocuis sic præstem ego! Turpia semper  
Dat Satanæ vacua munera agenda manu.  
Libris, ingenuæque operæ, ludoque salubri  
Primitiæ ætatis sint mihi rite datæ!  
Ultima sic tandem vitæ cum venerit hora,  
Incassum fuerit nulla peracta dies.

*On the Spring Circuit, 1870.*

*Ad Stellam.*

Mica, mica, parva Stella,  
Miror quid sis, fax tenella!  
Tam longinqua, tam formosa,  
Gemma cæli speciosa!

*INTERVALLA.*

When the blazing Sun is gone,  
 When he nothing shines upon;  
 Then you show your little light,  
 Twinkle, twinkle, all the night.

Then the traveller in the dark  
 Thanks you for your tiny spark;  
 He could not see which way to go,  
 If you did not twinkle so.

In the dark blue sky you keep,  
 And often through my curtains peep;  
 For you never shut your eye,  
 Till the Sun is in the sky.

As your bright and tiny spark  
 Lights the traveller in the dark,  
 Tho' I know not what you are,  
 Twinkle, twinkle, little star.

JANE TAYLOR.

*Hymns, Ancient and Modern, 365.*

O Lord of heaven, and earth, and sea,  
 To Thee all praise and glory be;  
 How shall we shew our love to Thee,  
 Who givest all?

The golden sunshine, vernal air,  
 Sweet flowers and fruit, Thy love declare;  
 When harvests ripen, Thou art there,  
 Who givest all.

Cum Sol ardet non jam super  
 Quos illuminabat nuper,  
 Nocte tota tum scintillam  
 Parvulam largiris illam.

Lampadi quam præbuiſti  
 Grates ferat viator iſti,  
 Sine qua, miſer, nesciret,  
 Luce captus, quo prodiret.

Te in æthere nocturno  
 Per fenestram sæpe cerno,  
 Nec tibi lumen claudetur  
 Donec Sol exorietur.

Quod in tenebris vaganti  
 Tua parva lux est tanti,  
 Quamvis nescio quid sis, Stella,  
 Mica, mica, fax tenella!

1895.

*δωρεὰν ἐλάβετε, δωρεὰν δότε.*

O Deus cæli, maris, atque terræ,  
 Gloria et laudes Tibi sint, honosque;  
 Quas agam grates Tibi, qui dedisti  
 Omnia nobis?

Aureus Sol, et levis aura Veris,  
 Flosculi, et fructus, monumenta amoris  
 Sunt tui, et messes, Pater, o dedisti  
 Omnia nobis.

For peaceful homes, and healthful days,  
For all the blessings earth displays,  
We owe Thee thankfulness and praise,  
Who givest all.

For souls redeemed, for sins forgiven,  
For means of grace and hopes of heaven,  
Father, what can to Thee be given,  
Who givest all?

We lose what on ourselves we spend,  
We have as treasure without end  
Whatever, Lord, to Thee we lend,  
Who givest all.

Whatever, Lord, we lend to Thee  
Repaid a thousandfold will be;  
Then gladly will we give to Thee,  
Who givest all.

To Thee, from Whom we all derive  
Our life, our gifts, our power to give:  
O may we ever with Thee live,  
Who givest all.

CHR. WORDSWORTH, *Bishop of Lincoln.*

*Hymns, Ancient and Modern, 199.*

Thou art the Way:—by Thee alone  
From sin and death we flee;  
And he who would the Father seek,  
Must seek Him, Lord, by Thee.

Tu foris robur, placidam quietem  
Tu domi largiris; et est beati  
Quicquid in terris, tuum id est. Dedisti  
Omnia nobis.

Fraude purgatis, scelere absolutis  
Spes ubi fulsit renovata cæli,  
Quid, Deus, quid dem Tibi qui dedisti  
Omnia nobis?

Quod voluptati dedero, mihique,  
Perdidi. Si quid Tibi consecrâro  
Vivet æternum mihi. Tu dedisti  
Omnia nobis.

Dona, quæ vivus Tibi commodâro,  
Millies posthac numerata reddes;  
Quid recusabo Tibi, qui dedisti  
Omnia nobis?

O Deus, Te suppeditante cum sint  
Vitaque, et dona, et dare quod valemus.  
Vivere o sit Te prope, qui dedisti  
Omnia nobis.

c. 1875.

*Ego sum via et veritas et vita.*

Tu VIA Christe pates; per Te, via sola salutis,  
A morte æterna criminibusque fuga est,  
Et si cui studium est ad summum accedere Patrem,  
Ille per hanc unam cogitur ire viam.

Thou art the Truth:—Thy Word alone  
True wisdom can impart;  
Thou only canst inform the mind,  
And purify the heart.

Thou art the Life:—the rending tomb  
Proclaims Thy conquering arm;  
And those who put their trust in Thee  
Nor death nor hell shall harm.

Thou art the Way, the Truth, the Life:  
Grant us that way to know,  
That truth to keep, that life to win  
Whose joys eternal flow.

G. W. DOANE, *Bishop of New Jersey*.

*Hymns, Ancient and Modern, 260.*

Hark, my soul! it is the Lord;  
'Tis thy Saviour, hear His word;  
Jesus speaks, and speaks to thee,  
"Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou Me?"

"I deliver'd thee when bound,  
"And, when bleeding, healed thy wound;  
"Sought thee wandering, set thee right,  
"Turned thy darkness into light.

"Can a woman's tender care  
"Cease towards the child she bare?  
"Yes, she may forgetful be,  
"Yet will I remember thee.

Ipsū Tu VERUM es; sapientia vera patensque  
In verbo solum est inveniēda Tuo,  
Nonnisi Te fingente potest mens docta vocari;  
Nonnisi Te pectus purificante lui.

Tu VITA es; disrupta jacent Tibi saxa sepulcri  
Victricem Domini testificata manum;  
Quique fidem Tibi dat sub qualicunque periclo,  
Non Mors, non illi Tartara nigra nocent.

Tu VIA, Tu VERUM, Tu VITA quoque unica Christe es;  
Strata sit illius discere sancta VIÆ;  
VERUM illud retinere; ac VITÆ illius habere  
Gaudia, quæ plene, quæ sine fine fluunt.

c. 1877.

*Amas me?*

Audi, anima, exaudi, Deus, en Deus ipse propinquus,  
Salvator tuus en, quod tibi dicat habet;  
Auribus arrectis adstes, dum quærit Iesus  
“Ah miser! ah pauper! mene caducus amas?”

“Vincula captivo per me tibi rupta memento;  
“Vulnera sanavi sanguine rubra tuo;  
“Exul eras; patriæ te restituisset juvabat;  
“Cæcus eras; oculis lucem animæque dedi.

“Num muliebris amor, matris num cura tenellum  
“Cessare in puerum quem parit ipsa potest?  
“Nempe potest; at si sint tanta oblivia matri,  
“Indigner, fili, non memor esse tui.



"Mine is an unchanging love,  
"Higher than the heights above;  
"Deeper than the depths beneath,  
"Free and faithful, strong as death.  
"Thou shalt see My Glory soon,  
"When the work of grace is done;  
"Partner of My Throne shalt be;  
"Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou Me?"

Lord, it is my chief complaint  
That my love is weak and faint;  
Yet I love Thee, and adore;  
Oh! for grace to love thee more!

W. COWPER.

*Church Hymns, 392.*

Jerusalem, my happy home,  
When shall I come to thee?  
When shall my sorrows have an end?  
Thy joys when shall I see?  
O happy harbour of the saints!  
O sweet and pleasant soil!  
In thee no sorrow may be found,  
No grief, no care, no toil.  
There lust and lucre cannot dwell,  
There envy bears no sway;  
There is no hunger, heat, nor cold,  
But pleasure every way.  
Thy walls are made of precious stones,  
Thy bulwarks diamond square;  
Thy gates are of right orient pearl,  
Exceeding rich and rare.

“Nam meus haud mutandus amor, cælo altior ipso

“Infra Tartareas scit penetrare vias,

“Liber et injussus, non vi sed sponte fidelis,

“Et debellata Morte superstes erit.

“Lumine non dubio mox Gloria nostra patebit,

“Perfectum fuerit cum tibi amoris opus,

“Tum Solium dabitur tibi participare paternum;

“Ah miser! ah pauper! mene caducus amas?”

O Domine! hæc misero mihi causa est maxima luctus

Quod mihi tam languet tamque vacillat amor;

Attamen est amor, est in Te reverentia vera;

Ah! magis atque magis des mihi amare, Pater!

c. 1887.

*Ostendit mihi civitatem sanctam Ierusalem.*

Oh! ubi, Sancta Salem, te patria cara videbo?

Oh! tua gaudia ubi meta doloris erunt?

Oh! portus sanctorum, oh! dulcis amœnaque tellus,

Nullus ubi curis tristitiæque locus;

Nullus ubi dolor aut labor est. Habitare negatur

Lucro ubi et invidiæ; nec, nisi sanctus, amor.

Nec malesuada fames, nec frigora dura, nec æstas

Torrida; sed penitus qualiacunque placent.

Stant muri gemmis; turres adamante reident,

Plurimaque exornat conchea bacca fores;

Thy turrets and thy pinnacles  
With carbuncles do shine ;  
Thy very streets are paved with gold,  
Surpassing clear and fine.  
Ah, my sweet home, Jerusalem,  
Would God I were in thee !  
Would God my woes were at an end,  
Thy joys that I might see !  
Thy saints with glory shall be crowned,  
Shall see God face to face ;  
They triumph still, they still rejoice,  
Most happy is their case.  
Our sweet is mixed with bitter gall,  
Our pleasure is but pain,  
Our joys scarce last the looking on,  
Our sorrows still remain.  
Thy gardens and thy gallant walks  
Continually are green,  
There grow such sweet and pleasant flowers  
As nowhere else are seen.  
Quite through the streets, with silver sound,  
The flood of Life doth flow ;  
Upon whose banks on every side  
The wood of Life doth grow.  
There trees for evermore bear fruit,  
And evermore do spring ;  
There evermore the Angels sit,  
And evermore do sing.  
Jerusalem, my happy home,  
Would God I were in thee !  
Would God my woes were at an end,  
Thy joys that I might see !  
From the Latin Hymn, *Urbs beata Hirusalem.*

Plurimus et summas ædes carbunculus ornat,  
Auroque eximio strata ubicunque via est.  
Te, dilecta Salem, vellem mihi adire daretur,  
Terminus ut lacrimis gaudia summa forent!  
Stare Deo coram! Sanctis hoc pulcra corona est;  
Perpetuo hoc sanctis fama, triumphus, erit.

Nos, misero exilio capti, sine fine dolemus,  
Singultus, lacrimas, mæstaque verba damus;  
Quod suave est, nobis semper miscetur amaro;  
Felle voluptatum gaudia sæpe nocent;  
Gaudia nempe oculis vixdum percepta peribunt,  
Et mala, quæ fugimus, mox fugienda, manent.  
Ast ibi deliciæ tantæ, tam plena voluptas,  
Ut mille anni Illis esse putentur "heri."

Æstivis semper læti spatiantur in hortis,  
Inter sarta, alibi qualia nulla vigent.  
Per strata argenteis it Vitæ Rivulus undis;  
Arbore vitali Ripa ubicunque viret;  
Semper ibi et fructus et germina parturit arbos;  
Semper ibi angelicis carmina grata choris;  
Sit mihi, sancta Salem, te, patria cara, videre;  
Sint tua tristitiis gaudia meta meis.

C. 1890—I.

*In the summer of 1859, Charles Bevan, the County Court Judge of Cornwall, wishing to have a holiday abroad, and I wishing to find a country-house for the Long Vacation, we arranged that I should do his Circuit in exchange for the use of his House, Boskenna. On return to London I sent him the inclosed.*

Boskenna, daughter of th' Atlantic wave,  
Where from the cares of life we took our rest,  
Whose rocks and groves and winds new vigour gave  
And power to face hard duty with new zest;  
Farewell, delightful scene! Hail, smoke and strife  
And all the Lawyer's un-luxurious life!

But lest that jealous, all-absorbing toil  
Should banish joys, so pure, so free, so good,  
As those that flourish on thy virgin soil,  
Those rocks, those ferns, that breeze-swept spray-  
dashed wood;  
I pen this tribute of a grateful heart;  
Be thou for ever that which now thou art.

1859.

*Boskenna.*

Boskenna, fluctus filia Atlantici,  
Quæ nos amœnis alma recessibus  
Fessos recepisti, paresque  
Muneribus modo reddidisti.

Boskenna, nostræ deliciæ, vale;  
Londinienses nunc strepitus enim  
Fumumque visendum est, opesque,  
Consiliique inopes clientes.

Sed, ne morantem mox labor improbus  
Oblivione infecerit omnium  
Tam liberorum, tam bonorum  
Quam tua sunt nemora atque saxa,

Hæc signa saltem grati animi, precor,  
Boskenna, claudis condita versibus,  
(Obstante non jussu Bevani)  
Accipias, vigeasque semper!

*To my Son, G. L. D., on receiving from him a  
school copy of Latin Hexameters.*

Gratulor hexametros te composuisse canoros,  
Carmina si tua sunt, non aliena, puer.  
Scribe iterum si vis, numeris seu te juvat uti  
Nasonis Musæ qui placuere levi,  
Seu magis est cordi magnum sonuisse Maronem,  
Seu Flacci graciles stat renovare modos;  
Scribe iterum, si vis, epigrammata, sive placebit,  
Hendecasyllabicis exspatiare jocis.  
Sis Maro; sis Naso; sis Musa proterva Catulli;  
Carmina grata seni qualiacunque patri.

c. 1870.

*Porculi in obitum.*

Turgida jam flendo sunt lumina bina Sarahæ<sup>1</sup>;  
Obruta jam nimio Jana<sup>2</sup> dolore sedet;  
Ambæ Carlottæ<sup>3</sup>, materque et filia, lugent;  
Vilhelmus<sup>4</sup>, Francus<sup>5</sup>, Gratia<sup>6</sup>—cuncta dolent.  
Porculus e vita decessit amabilis! Eheu,  
Porcule dulcis, humi corpus inane jaces!  
Non iterum nigris jam scintillabis ocellis,  
Grunniet haud iterum vox tua, suave melos.  
Non apium rursus nec suavia poma placebunt,  
Arturi<sup>7</sup> tibi quæ protulit alma manus.  
Non iterum mures contra pugnare rapaces,  
Ut prius, ardebis. Porcule care, vale!

<sup>1</sup> The Cook.

<sup>2</sup> The Housemaid.

<sup>3</sup> Mrs and Miss D.

<sup>4</sup> The Footman.

<sup>5</sup> Son.

<sup>6</sup> Daughter.

<sup>7</sup> Second Son.

*Translation by H. J. Hodgson, Master of the Court of  
Queen's Bench, formerly Fellow of Trinity.*

Many thanks for the verses you've sent me, my boy,  
If they're all your own doing, I give you much joy.  
Write again, be the style such as old Ovid chose,  
When he sang of his loves or lamented his woes ;  
Or, if Virgil's your model, you will not go wrong,  
Or Horace, that elegant master of song.  
Try your hand if you can't a smart epigram write,  
Or in hendecasyllables laughter invite ;  
Be it Virgil, Catullus or Ovid, my lad,  
Depend on't your verses will please your old Dad.

*On the death of a favourite guinea-pig.*

Now swoll'n with crying are our Sarah's eyes,  
Sad Jane refuses from her chair to rise ;  
Mamma and Edith groan without relief ;  
William, Pip<sup>1</sup>, Gracie, all are plunged in grief.  
For lovely Wiggy<sup>2</sup> from this life hath flown ;  
His beauteous form upon the ground is strown.  
No more shall sparkle now his jet-black eye ;  
No more his voice shall grunt sweet melody ;  
Parsley no more nor apples shall delight,  
By Arthur's liberal hand placed in his sight ;  
Never again with ardour shall he burn  
Fell rats to conquer, ne'er to us return.

<sup>1</sup> *Francus.*

<sup>2</sup> *Porculus.*



Porcule care, vale! quocunque animalia pacto  
Mortua, quove loco cunque valere solent,  
Sis ibi, sis felix! At nobis, parvule, formæ  
Pectora jucundæ sint memora usque tuæ!

1871.

*Lines written on fly-leaf of Dr Kennedy's "Between  
Whiles," presented to Arthur Duke Coleridge.*

If, wearied with the eternal jaw  
Of counsel learned in the law;  
If, tired with little *Weightman's* guile  
Or e'en of *Buszard's* stately style,  
If, stunned with *Harris'* voice and blows,  
Your languid spirit seeks repose;  
Turn to these pages, and you'll be  
A happy, happy A. D. C.

T. W. BROGDEN.

Farewell, dear Wiggy-wee, and wheresoe'er  
Dead guinea-pigs do joys Elysian share,  
There happy dwell; and may thy cheerful face  
Hold in our memories an honor'd place!

1871.

*Ad Tigellium.*

Si fors causicorum acerbitates  
Longæ Te, bone cantor, enecârint;  
*Weightmanni* tibi dicta fraudulent  
Si jam displiceant; vel ipse, grandis  
Verbis sesquipedalibus, *Busardus*;  
Si vox *Harrisii* tonans, et ictus,  
Dent desiderium novæ quietis;  
Unam perlege paginam *Magistri*,  
Bellis versibus unice scatentem,  
Confestim recreaberis, Tigellî!  
Ter felix! ter amate mi Tigellî!

1884.

Grato versiculos accepi pectore bellos;  
Longa sit, O Judex optime, vita tibi;  
Sint tibi, quot cupias, multa *intervalla* laborum,  
Teque vocet semper Musa beata suum.

T. W. BROGDEN.

*To H. J. Hodgson, Master of Queen's Bench Division, on  
exchanging copies of Latin verses.*

Es noster, dubio procul, MAGISTER ;  
Ergo carmina judica benigne,  
Queis horas hilarare subsecivas  
Nec patrem pudit, nec advocatum.  
Neve ipsum pudeat precor MAGISTRUM  
Χαλκείων vice χρυσέους libenter  
Versus mittere ter die quaterque ;  
Immo, si toties die vacâris,  
Tot mittas mihi carmina, o MAGISTER,  
Quotquot basia erant satis Catullo.

1887.

*To Frederick Meadows White, Q.C., my colleague on the  
North Eastern Circuit.*

*Alba* erat illa dies in qua collega laborum  
Nostrorum datus est ; *Albus* et ipse fuit.  
Si posthac similes acceperis, *Albe*, labores,  
“*Albus*” eris “judex,” et ruber<sup>1</sup> *Albus* eris ;  
Numquid enim recto magis est contrarium et æquo,  
Si niger<sup>1</sup> *Albus* erit, justus ubi esse petit ?

1889.

<sup>1</sup> A regular Judge wears red and ermine ; a Commissioner black.

*To Lord Justice Bowen, in return for the gift of his  
Translation of the "Eclogues" and Six Books of  
the "Æneid."*

Ipsi Vergilio qui jam superaddis honores,  
Accipias grates, care poëta, meas.  
Carmina quæ puero, vix intellecta, placebant,  
Auspice te referunt gaudia quanta seni!  
1887.

*To Lord Justice Bowen.*

Quod tam non valeas, dolet hoc mihi, care Bovene,  
Nec dare consilium subsidiumve queo;  
Nam nequeo scalas ascendere; nec vel in imo  
Stare pavimento sæva Podagra sinit.  
Te tamen exhortor 'Valeas'! Hoc fortiter optant  
Vergilius, Musæ, Patria, Juris honos.

*March 20, 1894.*

[For Inscription in memory of Lord Bowen, see p. 95.]

*To the Rev. H. W. Moss, Head Master of Shrewsbury School, on visiting Shrewsbury as a Judge of Assize.*

Insignis o qui discipulos regis  
 Salopienses, Archididascale;  
 Concede jam concede clemens  
 Judicibus solitum favorem!  
 Ornata cunctis sic magis et magis  
 Sabrina donis floreat, et novam  
 Jactet, nec antiquæ secundam  
 Præpositam capiti corollam<sup>1</sup>.

*July, 1873.*

*The Head Master's Answer.*

Viris Amplissimis et Doctissimis  
 Georgio Denman et Thomæ Dickson Archibald  
 Henricus Whitehead Moss S.P.D.

Vir magne, cujus nomen ab intimis  
 Sabrina quondam contremuit vadis,  
 Cum Granta Musarum coronam  
 Egregiam tibi præpararet<sup>2</sup>,  
 Intaminato nunc pia Judici  
 Assurgit, audax non ego ferias  
 Orare te dignante alumnis  
 Invideam, nisi jam relictis  
 Absint magistri rite penatibus,  
 Vocante tristi sidere ad otia  
 Carpenda te, prætor verende,  
 Nosque, humiles famulos Minervæ.

*H. W. M. July, 1873.*

<sup>1</sup> *Sabrina Corolla.*

<sup>2</sup> 1842. (1) Denman, Hon. G., Trin.; (2) Munro, Trin.

*To the Rev. H. W. Moss, Head Master of Shrewsbury.*

Musarum sedes dilecta, Salopia, salve !  
Clara domi atque foris, grande facessis opus.  
Quod precor haud "opus" est, sed ut, hic me iudice  
facto,  
Ludere sit pueris, alma Sabrina, tuis.

*Summer Assizes, 1888.*

*Answer from the Head Master.*

Judex docte, tuum nomen cum venit ad aures,  
Heu meminit cladis mæsta Sabrina suæ :  
Namque tibi laurum dedit olim Granta priorem ;  
Laude tamen dignus noster alumnus erat ;  
Idem gratus ades ; veterem non deseris artem ;  
Cara prius, nunc est cara Camœna tibi ;  
Diligis et pueros Musarum sacra colentes,  
Otiaque huic turbæ das quibus ipse cares.  
Reddere si cuperem "Nolo," tibi vix ego possem ;  
Scriberet invito me mea dextra "Volo."

H. W. M.

a. d. xii. Kal. Sext.

*To the Head Master of Winchester College, George Ridding,  
D.D., asking for a holiday, Autumn Assizes, 1880.*

Tandem judicialium secutus  
Tritum curriculum negotiorum,  
Sedes Wiccamicas lubens reviso.  
Ergo des iterum, bone o Magister!  
Optanti mihi quod prius dedisti,  
Ut cesset labor, ut vacet juvenus.  
Sic et tu requie brevi fruaris,  
Sic mi gratior hora sit laboris. 1880.

*To Dr Fearon, Head Master of Winchester College.*

Da pueris solitum precor, o domine optime, donum  
Ut, præsente iterum iudice, cesset opus.  
Cesset opus pueris. Fiet "Labor ipse voluptas,"  
Oranti hoc, si tu, quod petit ille, dabis.

*Spring Assizes, 1887.*

*To Dr Fearon, Head Master of Winchester College.*

Sol nitet, arva virent, ridet Natura, quid ergo  
Wiccamicos hodie ludere, amice, vetat?  
Quid pueros vetat antiquas invadere sedes<sup>1</sup>,  
Qua scelus et fraudes Lex cohibere solet?  
Da solitum pueris precor, o domine optime, donum;  
Grata laboranti talia dona seni.

*Winter Assizes, 1887.*

<sup>1</sup> When the Judge obtains a holiday, the elder Winchester Scholars are allowed to visit the courts to hear trials.

*Answer.*

O, quantum est hominum otiosiorum !  
 Vos attendite, judicare quid sit.  
 En Judex rogat "ut vacet juvenus,"  
 Ipsi ut "gratior hora sit laboris";  
 Nempe "cernere suave" (sic poeta),  
 "Queis quisque ipse caret, virûm labores."  
 Æternum sedeatque, sitque felix,  
 Judex qui pueris dat otium !

G. RIDDING.

*To the Rev. Jas. Robertson, Head Master of Haileybury.*

Audias Magister  
 Neve sis sinister !

---

Jam per duos menses  
 Haileyburienses  
 Fortiter laborant :  
 Ergo des quod orant—  
 Schola ne includas,  
 Sed et ipse ludas.  
 Hebes est et lentus,  
 Tota cui juvenus,  
 Cunctæ cui labore  
 Consumuntur horæ.

---

Ergo vacet pensis  
 Haileyburiensis !

Hertford Assizes, *March*, 1888.



*To the Rev. J. M. Marshall, Head Master of Durham Grammar School.*

Ludi magister optime illustris scholæ !  
 Audi benigne ! Da, precor, studentibus  
 Pueris vacare paullulum, ut gnavo magis  
 Studio magisque gaudeant, grati tibi,  
 Gratique grato judici, qui, jam senex,  
 Puerum fuisse se quoque haud oblitus est.

a. d. vi. Kal. Mart. A. S. MDCCCLXXXIX.

*To Mr Brown, Head Master of Ipswich Grammar School,  
 during the Spring Assizes 1890 (one of his pupils had  
 just obtained a good prize at Oxford).*

Audi Magister optime Antiquæ Scholæ !  
 Audi precantem Judicem ! Cessant nives,  
 Cedunt pruinæ : sole jam tellus calet ;  
 Crocique in hortis primulæque germinant,  
 Terram ut decoris gemmulis sparsam putes.  
 Per prata saltant undique agnorum pedes ;  
 Aviumque voces corda gaudio replent ;  
 Naturam et ipsam Ver redux lætam facit.  
 Ergo benigne quod rogo præstes mihi,  
 Mediis notanti talia in laboribus,  
 Ut, queis fruebar gratus ipse olim puer,  
 Pueri fruantur feriis. Sic te lubens  
 Rhedycina, ut hodie, sæpe victorem vocet,  
 Grantæque per te gloria accrescat meæ !

1890.

*To the Rev. W. Haig Brown, D.D., Head Master of  
Charterhouse School.*

Carthusianos qui sapiens tuos,  
Miti gubernans imperio, regis.  
Concede mi, clemens, roganti  
Quod pueri, nisi fallor, optant ;

Ut cras Homerus dormiat et Maro,  
Neglectus ut sit Cæsar, et Æschylus,  
Ut condat Euclides figuras,  
Nec sit Aristophanes jocosus.

Immo et juventæ ludere paullulum  
Permitte, sic et discipuli tibi  
Grates agant, canusque Judex  
Lætior incipiat laborem.

Antiqua enim sententia, quam patres  
Dixere veram, vera hodie—"Puer  
"Incumbet incassum labori,  
"Ludere cui modice negatum est."

Carthusianis sint decus et salus !  
Carthusianis debita præmia !  
Illustris et, qua nunc, per annos  
Innumeros Domus alma vivat.

' 1890.

*From W. R. Kennedy, Q.C.*

Gratulor optatam tibi jam rediisse salutem;  
 Per longos maneat non fugitiva dies!  
 Augurio hoc anni gaudet venientis amicus,  
 Sit nova præsenti concolor hora notæ!

W. R. KENNEDY.

*Answer.*

Quanta senectuti solatia! non minima horum  
 Quæ senibus juvenum fert generosus amor.  
 Sit mihi (non nimios) te orantem audire per annos,  
 Sit tibi, maturo, sede sedere mea!

*New Year's Day, 1891.*

[The hope expressed in the last line was literally fulfilled by Mr Kennedy's appointment as successor to Mr Justice Denman.]

*To the Rev. W. M. Furneaux, Head Master of Repton,  
 on my becoming a Governor of the School, and at the  
 same time resigning my office of Judge of the High  
 Court.*

Bis denos egi partem qui Judicis annos,  
 Solve senescentem, Patria cara, virum!  
 Cessabunt strepitusque Fori, Litisque labores,  
 Solamenque iterum Musa perennis erit.  
 Dulce Repandunum! sedes dilecta Camœnis!  
 Me recipe in gremium, Mater amata, tuum!  
 Quotque mihi puero, doctrina, dona dedisti,  
 Possim ego consiliis tot tibi ferre senex!

IN BALNEA MARIÆ.

*To Prof. Dr Ott of Marienbad, after being cured of acute pain by the Kreuzbrunnen Spring and Moorbath treatment prescribed by him.*

Si cui, post longos Londini in turbine menses  
Exactos, angat sæva podagra pedes;  
Pondere seu nimio corpus fors obsit eunti;  
Seu mens languescat fessa labore gravi;  
Balnea in Austriacis silvis petat ille Mariæ;  
Membra ibi mox nigro polluat ægra luto;  
Mane novo surgens cyathos duo combibat acer  
E terra validæ prosilientis aquæ;  
Combibat impransus, dumque ambulat, ore benigno,  
Rite, salutiferas, quas tamen horret, aquas;  
Esuriens petat inde domum; tum, nocte dieque,  
Prorsus nil faciat, quod facere ipse velit.  
Sed quæcunque monens doctissimus urgeat Ottus,  
Et vigil, et recubans, hæc petat ipse sequi;  
Sic bibat esuriens, sic membra fatiget eundo,  
Haustibus exiguis dum sua labra fovet.  
“Oh! fortunati nimium” (sic sæpe lavando  
Exclamet), “norint si sua dona sues”!  
Sed fugit hora. Dies eheu! venit ultima, et urbi  
Teplensi cogor dicere triste vale!  
Triste vale! mihi sed paucos memorare per annos  
Sit, mentem curis, membra soluta malis!  
Sitque animo semper, dum vivam, agnoscere grato  
Quot mihi delicias cara Maria dedit!

29 Aug. 1893.

*A l'Honorable Juge Denman.*

Au Tullius d'Albion salut, respect, honneur ;  
Il possède les trois dans son nid de bonheur !  
Que le Dieu d'éloquence, en protégeant sa vie,  
Et l'inspirant toujours, maintienne son génie.  
Reconnaissance, amour, gardez un loyal cœur ;  
Qu'il recueille aujourd'hui le fruit d'un long labeur !

Orateur gracieux de sa belle parole  
De ses mille auditeurs il eût fait une école !  
Son geste eût captivé le volage Athénien,  
Comme son profil grec le léger Parisien.  
Tendre époux, sage père, au foyer domestique  
La paix va le ravir à la scène publique.  
Prenez, noble Denman, le prix qui vous est dû,  
La Justice et le Droit vous devaient leur tribut ;  
Dans ce trop juste octroi le Pays vous honore,  
D'une épouse l'amour vous couronne et décore !

A. RÉGNAULT, *du Conseil d'État de France,*  
*Académicien &c.,* 1 Dec. 1892.

*To M. Régnauld.*

Qui laudes nimias Musæ mihi mittis amœnæ,  
Accipias grates, vir venerande, meas.  
Judice te quod sim mediocri haud turpiter usus  
Ingenio, et tibi non displicuisse, juvat.  
In me nil Ciceronis erat. Sed cetera, quæ tu  
Enumeras, fateor, sors mihi blanda dedit.  
Me constans fidei, facie pulcherrima, conjux,  
Progeniesque, patris gloria, matris honos,  
Nec morbo titubans, nec debilitata senectus,  
Me, rude donatum, patria grata beat.  
Et, ni quid reliquos desit quod mulceat annos,  
Laus tua delicias, addit, amice, novas!

1892.

*On revisiting Penoyre, Brecon, the former residence of  
Sir Anthony Cleasby, Baron of the Exchequer 1868  
to 1879.*

Penaura, quæ me sæpe negotiis  
Paullum vacantem, sæpe laboribus  
Fessum recepisti, libenter  
Tecta tua emeritus reviso.

Hinc eminentûm culmina montium  
Severa, pulchrum hinc aspicio lacum,  
Qui, sole resplendente, risu  
Innumero radios retorquet.

Hic ille noster, carior omnibus,  
Collega menses protulit ultimos  
Aeger, sed ornatus, fidelis,  
Ingenuus, generosus, æquus ;

Quo non amavi propositi virum  
Magis tenacem. Doctus erat, catus,  
Juris peritus ; non periclis  
Ille manus dedit aut labori.

Illi in juvena Granta suos dedit  
Plausus, honores, præmia, gratias ;  
Etona nam nulli secundum  
Discipulum hunc dederat sorori.

Agnovit hunc mox consilio Themis  
Valde potentem ; quot mala jurgia  
Illius invenere justum  
Arbitrio, sine lite, finem !

Tandem in Penaura, quem memoro, senex,  
Dijudicatis litibus ultimis,  
Dilectus obdormivit ; illum  
Ipse locus memorare cogit.

Quo nunc abibo nescio ; at hoc scio ;  
Quocunque pergam, non aliam domum,  
Penaura, visendam manere  
Illecebris mihi plenior.

Penaura salve ! Sit domino salus,  
Et conjugi, carisque sororibus,  
Lectis alumnis ! O Amoris  
Dulce et Amicitiae sacellum !



Εὐριπίδου λείψανα.

γύναι, φίλον μὲν φέγγος ἡλίου τόδε,  
καλὸν δὲ πόντου χεῦμ' ἰδεῖν εὐήνεμον,  
γῇ τ' ἡρινὸν θάλλουσα, πλούσιόν θ' ὕδωρ,  
πολλῶν τ' ἔπαινον ἐστί μοι λέξαι καλῶν·  
ἀλλ' οὐδὲν οὕτω λαμπρὸν σὺδ' ἰδεῖν καλὸν  
ὥς τοῖς ἄπαισι καὶ πόθῳ δεδηγμένοις  
παιδῶν νεογνῶν ἐν δόμοις ἰδεῖν φάος.

EURIPIDES, *Danae*.

ἔστι καὶ πταίσαντ' ἀρετὰν  
ἀποδείξασθαι θανάτῳ.

*Aegeus*.

κατθανεῖν δ' ὀφείλεται  
καὶ τῷ κατ' οἶκους ἐκτὸς ἡμένῳ πόνων.

*ib.*

*Fragments of Euripides.*

Beauteous, O Lady, is this light of Day;  
That Ocean, rippled by the gentle breeze;  
Earth, blossoming in Spring; that bounteous rill;  
Yea, and of things as lovely could I tell  
But nothing is so beautiful to see  
As, to the childless, pining o'er their loss,  
The light of fresh-born children in their home.

The conquer'd oft in glory lies,  
Won by the way in which he dies.

He who from fear dares not abroad to roam  
Must pay his debt to Death at last at home.

*Lucian.*

ἰητήρ τις ἐμοὶ τὸν ἔδον φίλον υἱὸν ἐπεμψεν,  
 ὥστε μαθεῖν παρ' ἐμοὶ πάντα τὰ γραμματικά.  
 ὥς δὲ τὸ μῆνιν ἄειδε καὶ ἄλγεα μυρὶ ἔθηκεν  
 ἔγνω, καὶ τὸ τρίτον τοῖσδ' ἀκόλουθον ἔπος,  
 πολλὰς δ' ἰφθίμους ψυχὰς Ἀϊδί προΐταψεν,  
 οὐκέτι μιν πέμπει πρὸς με μαθησόμενον.  
 ἀλλὰ μ' ἰδὼν ὁ πατήρ, "σοὶ μὲν χάρις," εἶπεν, "ἐταῖρε·  
 "αὐτὰρ ὁ παῖς παρ' ἐμοὶ ταῦτα μαθεῖν δύναται·  
 "καὶ γὰρ ἐγὼ πολλὰς ψυχὰς Ἀϊδί προΐάπτω,  
 "καὶ πρὸς τοῦτ' οὐδὲν γραμματικοῦ δέομαι."

ANTHOLOGIA PALATINA, xi 401.

*Palladas.*

ἀνδροφόνῳ σαθρὸν παρὰ τειχίον ὑπνώοντι  
 νυκτὸς ἐπιστῆναι φασὶ Σάραπιν ὄναρ,  
 καὶ χρησμοδῆσαι· "κατακείμενος οὗτος, ἀνίστω,  
 "καὶ κοιμῶ μεταβάς, ὧ τάλαν, ἀλλαχόθι."  
 ὅς δὲ διϋπνισθεὶς μετέβη· τὸ δὲ σαθρὸν ἐκείνο  
 τειχίον ἐξαίφνης εὐθὺς ἔκειτο χαμαί.  
 σῶστρο δ' ἔωθεν ἔθνε θεοῖς χαίρων ὁ κακοῦργος,  
 ἦδεσθαι νομίσας τὸν θεὸν ἀνδροφόνους.  
 ἀλλ' ὁ Σάραπις ἔχρησε πάλιν, διὰ νυκτὸς ἐπιστάς·  
 "κῆδεσθαί με δοκεῖς, ἄθλιε, τῶν ἀδίκων;  
 "εἰ μὴ νῦν σε μεθῆκα θανεῖν, θάνατον μὲν ἄλυπον  
 "νῦν ἐφυγες, σταυρῷ δ' ἴσθι φυλαττόμενος."

ANTHOLOGIA PALATINA, ix 378.

*Domi habuit unde disceret.*

A Doctor's son, not grounded well in grammar,  
Was sent to Jones, a celebrated crammer;  
He learnt "Achilles' wrath," and "myriad woes,"  
But here his studies had a sudden close;  
For, when on "Heroes' souls untimely sent  
To Pluto's realm" a weary hour he'd spent,  
"Dear Jones," his father wrote, "Thanks; let him come  
"Here, for you teach what he can learn at home.  
"For, though no scholar, I know how by legions  
"To speed men's souls down to the lower regions."

1876.

*Ad sortem sublimem reservatus.*

Once a murderer slept by a rotten old wall;  
In a dream came Serapis and said,  
In oracular tone, "My poor fellow, get up;  
Go and find a less perilous bed."  
Then the murderer woke, and slept elsewhere; but lo!  
The old wall on a sudden fell down.  
So, at morn, to the Gods a thank-off'ring he gave  
For such favour to homicides shown.  
But Serapis again came by night; and he said,  
"Do you think, wretch, I patronize crime?"  
"No; I saved you from dying a nice easy death,  
"And you'll die on the gallows in time."

1894.

*Latin lines on an old clock.*

*(Sent to me by Lord Coleridge, C. J., for translation.)*

Nulli optabilis	To none is given
Dabitur mora.	Power to delay.
Irrevocabilis	Numbered in heaven
Labitur hora.	Passeth each day.
Ne sis inutilis,	Be thou not fruitless,
Semper labora,	Work, work away.
Neve sis futilis,	Trifling is bootless;
Vigila, ora!	Watch, then, and pray!

1877.

*Mors janua Vitæ.*

Mors mortis Morti mortem nisi morte dedisset,  
Æternæ vitæ janua clausa foret.

ANON.

*Louis de Maguiron and the Princess of Eboli.*

Lumine Acon dextro, capta est Leonilla sinistro,  
At potis est forma vincere uterque Deos.  
Blande puer, lumen quod habes concede sorori;  
Sic tu cæcus Amor; sic erit illa Venus.

HIERONYMUS AMALTHEUS, 1576.

[Hallam's *Literature of Europe*, ii 145; Dodd's *Epigrammatists*,  
p. 128.]

*Hadrian's address to his soul.*

Animula vagula, blandula,	ψυχὴ φίλη πλανήτις,
Hospes comesque corporis,	ξύνοικ', ἔνοικ' ἑμαντῶ,
Quæ nunc abibis in loca,	ποῖ νῦν ποτ' ἐκπλανήσει
Pallidula, frigida, nudula,	γυμνὴ σὺ κώχροειδής,
Nec ut soles dabis joca?	τοῦ πρὶν δ' ἄτερ γέλωτος;

G. D.

Ah! wayward, winsome little soul,  
 Lov'd comrade of this body, and its guest,  
 Whither betwixt Heaven's either pole,  
 Pale, stark, and naked goest thou, dear Soul,  
 Never again to cheer with merrie jest?

1876.

*Death, the Gate of Life Immortal.*

Had not Death's Death by death to Death death given  
 For ever had been closed the door of Heaven.

1890.

*Venus and Cupid.*

Nora's right eye is of its sight bereft,  
 Her brother Jack hath lost his left.  
 Else, in all points wherein great Beauties shine,  
 The Gods have beauty less divine.  
 O gentle youth! be generous and kind;  
 Change that right eye for her's, that's blind:  
 So thou the sightless God of Love shalt be;  
 And a yet lovelier Venus she.

1888.

D.

5

*In Epulum a Remigibus lectis utriusque Academiae  
decimo confecto lustro celebratum.*

Dic mihi, Musa, dapes festas quas struxit in aula  
annus Eleusina jam quinquagesimus ex quo  
decertare Academiam conspexit utramque  
remigibus lectis Thamesis.—Coiere frequentes  
quos et Camus iners et quos velocior Isis  
sustulerat gremio heroas, juveniliter olim  
ut certare pares, ita nunc cenare parati.  
O qui complexus et gaudia quanta fuere!  
adsunt causidici, prætores, clericus ordo,  
Curia quos audit, quos ditat Janus, et acrem  
qui Mavortis agunt rem, ludorumque magistri:  
miscentur cani flavis, calvisque comati,  
longævis juvenes, barbati imberbibus, omnes  
viribus integris vegeti memoresque juventæ.

*On the Banquet held in commemoration of the Fiftieth  
Anniversary of the University Boat Race.*

April 7, 1881.

Sing we now the glorious dinner  
Serv'd in grand FREEMASONS' HALL;  
Welcome loser, welcome winner,  
Welcome all who've rowed at all:  
Oarsmen, steersmen, saint or sinner,  
Whet your jaws, and to it fall.

Fifty years and more have rolled off  
Since the race of 'Twenty-nine :'  
Therefore all, by death not bowled off,  
As of yore, your strength combine,  
And in gangs of nine be told off—  
Not to paddle, but to dine.

Oh! what hands by hands are shaken!  
Bishop, Dean, Judge, Lawyer, Priest,  
Bearded soldier, beardless deacon,  
Men still scribbling, men who've ceas'd :  
Court, church, camp, quill, care forsaken,  
Muster strong, and join the feast.

STANIFORTH, with air defiant,  
Captain of the earliest Eight;  
TOOGOOD, amiable giant,  
Unsurpassed in size and weight;  
MERIVALE, once too reliant,  
But for years resigned to fate;—



Grandior hic alios primi certaminis heros  
arduus exsuperat recta cervice humerisque,  
pondere quo nemo invasit graviore phaselon,  
jam senior, sed cruda viro et rubicunda senectus.

Convenere omnes : discumbitur ordine jusso,  
æquales nempe ut coeant æqualibus et se  
acta juvent variis memorantes tempora ludis :  
præsidet his et quondam et nunc fortissimus ictus,  
murice his tinctus, salicis palmæque abiegnæ  
rex pariter, toties certaminis arbiter æquus.

Arbiter hunc alius resonabilis ore rotundo  
pone premit, qui plaudentes nimis atque loquentes  
intempestive jubet auscultare, regitque  
undantis dextræ moderamine propinantes.

Jus testudineum sorptum est, et rhombus, et albi  
pisciculi incerti generis—poppysmate crebro  
exsilit explosus cortex spumante lagna—

Scores on scores, from these descended  
In aquatic lineage, came ;  
Cantabs with Oxonians blended,  
Ancients some—some new to Fame :  
But my song would ne'er be ended,  
Were I every one to name.

Happy was the thought that seated  
Mate by mate, crew facing crew ;  
Well ye know who have competed  
In whate'er 'tis well to do,  
How that man is ever greeted  
(Friend or foe) who row'd with you.

Fitly o'er the feast presiding,  
All-accomplished CHITTY sits,  
Through the toasts how neatly gliding,  
Winning cheers, redoubling hits—  
Not of bat with ball colliding—  
Merely sympathy of wits.

Yet another<sup>1</sup>, more sonorous,  
Rules our Chief, and checks our Chair,  
Stills the hum, and quells the chorus,  
Moderates the loud 'Hear! hear!'  
Coolly acts the despot o'er us,  
As o'er Sheriff or Lord Mayor.

Now the turtle disappeareth,  
Now the turbot is despatched ;  
Sparkling wine our spirit cheereth ;  
Well are Cam and Isis matched,  
While each man his platter cleareth  
Of the fishlets barely hatched.

<sup>1</sup> Mr Harker, the Toastmaster.

solvuntur linguæ—memorantur pristina, qua vi  
hic vir *principium*, qua *cancros* ceperit ille,  
quaque gubernator cursum, et qua torserit undas  
nauta manu: quoties fauste pecus egerit *Aegon*,  
et *Morison* quoties: quam multa comederit alter  
terga boum, quot lactucas consumpserit alter.

Talia jactantur, dum fundunt aere canoro  
cornicines musæa mele, lautasque ministri  
permutant lances, et amor pacatur edendi.  
Postquam exemta fames glacieque astricta quiescit  
ventris inops rabies, assurgit præses amatae  
Reginæ in laudem, mox Principis atque nepotum:  
hoc propinarchi gravius devolvitur ore  
votum—exoptamus matri natoque salutem  
et natis natorum et qui nascentur ab illis;  
et vocem et proprios numeros chorus æreus addit.

Nec mora—non alio poscente adhibemus honorem  
quos Fora quos Cathedræ quoscunque Ecclesia jactat  
remigio insignes: hac scilicet arte doceri  
quid jus, quid valeat sancti reverentia et aequi.

Then comes talk of winning, losing,  
Fouling, 'crabs' untimely caught,  
Sinking, catching the beginning,  
And of all TOM EGAN taught,  
MORRISON or SHADWELL, spinning  
Yarns of deep aquatic thought.

Such the converse—not unbroken—  
Some of training would discourse,  
But that *band* (of 'vis' the token),  
While each course succeeds to course  
(Ophicleide, alas! bespoken),  
Silences each tongue by force.

Now our hunger hath been sated,  
Now with ice our lips been cooled,  
And the Chairman well hath stated  
How this realm is nobly ruled,  
And our Queen and all related  
Do their duty wisely schooled;  
Great the toasts, and great the cheering;  
Thrice three times and thrice again  
Every man his voice uprearing  
To the band's assenting strain,  
Loyal strain of men God-fearing  
In this Isle that rules the main.

Now 'The Chair,' succinctly noting  
How whate'er is good or great  
Follows from successful boating  
In the Church, the Law, the State,  
Instances of each kind quoting  
Some more early, some more late,

Ipse viros numerat laudatque, et fortia narrat  
dum facta, in medium mirantibus omnibus effert  
qua tunica indutus sudavit Episcopus olim.

Respondet primus triplici qui robore et ære  
pectus habet munitum, ut equi labentis in ipsum  
pondere contritus tamen assurrexerit atque his  
intersit dapibus, durus durique laboris  
clericus officio per longos deditus annos.

proximus huic Judex, quo nec servantior æqui  
nec magis humanus quo quivis provocet, alter ;  
blanda viro species—mens recta in corpore recto—  
et pariter studio remisque exercita virtus.

Hunc sequitur crebra natus de gente *Fabrorum*  
consultus juris, quem mersum flumine quondam  
ignarum nandi eripuit sors invida, fatum  
quis scit an ut sublime magis servatus obiret?

Turns triumphant to the guernsey,  
By a reverend PRELATE<sup>1</sup> sent ;  
Reads, 'that though to come he burns, he  
Must not come or he'd repent,  
For that, wheresoe'er he turns, he  
Duties finds because 'tis Lent.'

ROGERS next (how grand of feature,  
Broad of shoulder, deep of chest !),  
Brimming over with good nature,  
Tells the tale which wrings our breast,  
How that horse (poor blundering creature !)  
Well-nigh sent him to his rest.

TOOGOOD (once *too good* for Granta)  
Brings *his* guernsey on his back,  
Then, like some gigantic planter,  
Gives his chest a hearty smack,  
And with reverential banter,  
Deigns a modest joke to crack.

MERIVALE, historian famous,  
Proves that Cambridge would have won,  
Had not Fate resolved to tame us,  
Had not sons of Isis done  
Better e'en than sons of Camus  
In that Boat Race number one.

Up rose BRETT, once seven to STANLEY,  
Every inch the Judge—the man :  
Upright, downright, comely, manly,  
(Beat him, Oxford, if you can !),  
All that's brave and gentlemanly,  
Since to row he first began.

<sup>1</sup> Wordsworth, Bishop of St Andrews.

Poscitur et terra pridem spectata marique,  
et sua quæ tantum meditatur prælia virtus :  
terni respondent Etonæ matris alumni,—  
Reginaldus atrox quem sensit Taurica tellus  
robore *Taurino* invictum, cui Sarmata cessit :  
excipit hunc, quamvis rebus non ipse marinis  
deditus, at saltem nauarchis acribus acer  
cognatus, crebra metuit quem *classe* juvenus  
divisa, Henrici fasces et sceptræ gerentem :  
et tu, militiam senserunt quo duce primam  
\**Apes*, \**Apes*, pueri innocuam, patriamque tueri  
assuescunt, positis Thamesino in margine castris.

Tum demum auctores primi certaminis ipsos  
excitat et salvere jubet Denmanius : omnes  
infremuere viri, et numerosi adduntur honores.  
Tres aderant venerandi, et pro se quisque loquuntur  
proque suis, quos distinuere negotia longe,  
aut quibus Elysium remus jam verberat amnem :

Turn your eyes to that third table,  
Where—still sound in wind and limb—  
Stands *that* SMITH<sup>1</sup>, who quite unable  
(More shame for him) then to swim,  
Sank—yet lives! Oh, Fate too stable!  
Loftier end's in store for him.

Next 'the Navy and the Army,'  
And his well-loved 'Volunteer,'  
CHITTY toasts; and, with a charm he  
Has alone, provokes a cheer,  
While with true Etonian calm, he  
Three *Etonians* bids appear.

Reggie BULLER, brave Crimēan;  
HORNBY, brother of the bold  
Sailor Mediterranēan;  
WARRE, whose sway is uncontrolled,  
Naval, martial, Herculean,  
Scorning heat, defying cold.

Men like these still make it truthful  
To repeat the GREAT DUKE'S boast,  
That these struggles of the youthful  
Helped to victory that host,  
Gallant, active, brave, and ruthless,  
Whom Old England honours most.

Once again (the Chair desiring)  
DENMAN toasts those *Fathers* three,  
Who convinced a world admiring  
That this eight-oared race should be;  
Once again (the theme inspiring)  
'Nine times nine, and three times three.'

<sup>1</sup> A. L. Smith, [now a Lord Justice of Appeal.]



et tempus laudant (quam dignum laude!) peractum,  
cum magis extentis spatiis certare solerent  
et breviori ictu graviolem urgere phaselon,  
necdum libratis tereti fulcimine major  
vis accessisset remis et forma rotunda,  
nec natibus motum labentia transtra dedissent.

Haec inter senibus sermo producitur—hora  
sera jubet festis convivas cedere mensis,  
nec tamen immemores quam sint bene munere functi  
auctores epuli: datur his laus justa, tuamque,  
præses, opem agnoscunt lætis clamoribus omnes;  
tum dormitum abeunt. O terque quaterque beati!  
Gaudia quis novit sociis majora receptis!  
Æmula sic virtus uno per secula utramque  
corde Academiam et fraterno fœdere jungat!

H. KYNASTON (*quondam* SNOW).

Up rose STANIFORTH, 'the *Father*,'  
Spoke of those untimely gone  
To the stream Elysian—rather  
Of the 'stroke they once put on'—  
Most portentous (as we gather),  
Like the seats they sat upon.

'Temporis laudator acti!'  
So the young and thoughtless said;  
I said nothing, but in fact I  
Thought 'twas time to go to bed.  
Yet another toast still lacked, I  
Mean the Caterers of the 'Spread.'

These are honour'd. Then, to CHITTY  
*Warbling* cheers, the best we know—  
'Best of chairmen, brave, wise, witty,  
Full of goodness, full of go,  
Q.C., M.P. (Oxford city),'—  
Off to bed we gaily go.

Blest, thrice blest, is such revival,  
Blest the man who can enjoy  
Scenes like these, no mere survival,  
For the man recalls the boy,  
Hon'ring most his staunchest rival,  
Hon'ring now without alloy.

Thus in generous emulation,  
Cam and Isis both are one;  
Thus each passing generation  
Earns the meed of duty done;  
Thus the glory of OUR NATION  
Shines wherever shines the Sun.

August, 1881.

*Lines sent to W. H. Draper, in return for a Sonnet.  
(The idea was to be as monosyllabic as possible.)*

Man shall not live by meat and drink alone.

If so he liv'd, man would not live, but die,  
Too dull, too mean to lift his thoughts on high,  
A poor dead mass of flesh and skin, and bone,  
Whose drink were poison, and his bread a stone.

Not recking of the God, for ever nigh,  
In field, in wood, in air and sea, and sky,  
By those who love Him heard and felt and known.

But this is Life—To hear thy Maker's voice—  
In all His works to hear and love His word—

In all the joy of nature to rejoice.  
When bleats the lambkin, or when sings the bird,  
When clouds clap thunder, when the sea makes noise,  
By thy glad heart let God's own voice be heard.

Oakdown, Oct. 12, 1886.

*Lines written between 7½ and 8½ a.m. after passing two  
nights at Glenthorne, N. Devon.*

I never saw since I was born  
A spot more lovely than Glenthorne ;  
Nor sat in more enchanting seat  
Than where those winsome waters meet<sup>1</sup> ;  
Nor ever spent a happier day  
Than that which took us down that way ;  
Nor slept a sleep more sweet and sound,  
Than that which brought this morning round,  
On which I, ere we part, must say,  
“God bless the home of Halliday!”

Oct. 11, 1888.

<sup>1</sup> “Watersmeet.”

*To my nephew, H. S. Wright, M.P., in answer to a letter maintaining that Hexameter metre was the best for an English translation of Homer, and accompanying a clever translation of the 1st Book of the Iliad into the metre aforesaid.*

Harry, my boy, indeed you've achiev'd a splendid achievement,

Done it as well, I think, as it can ever be done.

Still I am unconvinc'd. That old Hexameter metre  
With this language of ours does not and cannot  
agree.

Sibilant, harsh and stiff our tongue, and monosyllabic,  
Fetter'd in longs or shorts, dances like Bruin in chains.

1887.

*To my Grand-Daughter, Violet Victoria Denman, on her Christening day.*

Dear daughter of our well-loved son  
And of his sweet young wife,  
Five weeks already hast thou run  
Of innocent young life.

And soon (relying on the word  
Of Him who died to save)  
The Priest, by God's injunction stirr'd,  
Thy brow will cross and lave.

And name thee by the names which thou  
Through life may'st feel to be  
Reminders of the solemn vow  
Made at the Font for thee.

Name of a flower—than which more sweet  
None in the garden grows—  
In thee may fragrant virtues meet,  
And dwell till life shall close.

Name of a Queen—for fifty years  
Who o'er our land hath reigned  
Midst joy and sorrow, smiles and tears,  
By trust in God sustained.

Oh! be thou truly Violet,  
Be thou Victoria too;  
Be good as is thy Queen, my pet!  
Sweet, like that flow'ret blue!

Oh! ne'er be thou to foolish ways  
By foolish friend enticed,  
Nor e'er forget, in all thy days,  
Thou bear'st the mark of Christ.

*Nov. 16, 1887.*

## BIRTHDAY VERSES.

81

*To Margaret C., on her Birthday.*

In thy merry rosy face,  
Margie, I thy mind can trace ;  
In the twinkle of thine eye,  
I thy temper can descry ;  
On thy brow, from wrinkles free,  
I thy kindly soul can see.  
Hail we then the happy morn,  
When sweet Margery was born ;  
When this Daisy op'd its eye  
First beneath an April sky ;  
When this precious Pearl was found  
In a home where gems abound,  
Sister-treasures, each a gem ;  
But 'tis not the day for them,  
Therefore I'll contented be,  
Margie, thus to write to thee.  
For many a year may this glad day  
For thee precede a happy May,  
And every Autumn, Winter, Spring,  
A happy Summer yearly bring,  
Till thou art grown as old as he  
Who wishes this, and more, for thee,  
(Thou merry rosy Margery),  
And who subscribes himself G. D.

*Winchester Spring Assize, 1887.*

*To Margaret C., on her Birthday.*

Margie, once again I pay  
Homage to thy natal day.  
Now the snow hath left the ground,  
And the buds peep out all round.  
Now the pinching frosts have ceased,  
To the joy of bird and beast.  
Almond blossoms now come out,  
And the lambkins sport about ;  
Blackbird, nightingale, and thrush  
Music make in grove and bush ;  
And the Daisy decks the meads  
With its gold and silver beads.  
Wintry thoughts away we'll fling,  
Bidding welcome to the Spring ;  
Double welcome to the morn  
When our Margery was born.  
Margie ! gentle, winsome, bright,  
Thought of thee is fresh delight.  
Therefore once again I pay  
Homage to thy natal day.

*April 28, 1889.*

*To Ethel C., on her Birthday.*

Amid the fierce contentions of the Bar,  
And the loud turmoil of its wordy war,  
How sweet at times, if but in thought, to roam,  
To the kind refuge of some peaceful home!  
To think of beings free from noise and strife,  
Free from the jangling of a lawyer's life;  
Unselfish souls, with none but worthy ends;  
Kindly as neighbours, true and staunch as friends;  
Whose very sight is joy afresh to gain,  
A truce to toil, an antidote to pain.

Such thoughts as these, dear Ethel, are for me  
Whene'er my Muse bids me to think of thee,  
And she doth bid me, therefore I obey  
Now twice nine days have dawned in beauteous May.  
Thou, when thou deign'st these verses to peruse,  
The feeble effort of my humble Muse,  
Accept the wishes they would fain convey,  
That every blessing may attend this day  
As year succeeds to year and May to May!

*May 18, 1890.*



*To Marjorie Furneaux (daughter of the Head Master of Repton School), on receiving her present of the Coat of Arms of Sir John Port, Knt. (Founder of the School), three silver doves on an azure shield.*

Lo! Three little loves, in the guise of three doves,  
Have arriv'd by a journey most speedy!  
Here they are, on a shield, with blue sky for its field,  
Their names—Dorothy—Marjorie—Edie.

Oh! what would have thought dear old honest John  
Port,

Had one told him on weekday or Sunday,  
That the Post would e'er lift little Marjorie's gift  
From Repton to London in one day?

But, whate'er Sir John Port in that day would have  
thought,

His escutcheon will always remind me,  
To the joy of my heart, though from Repton apart,  
Of the dear little doves left behind me.

And if doves can be doing any singing but cooing  
With their voices, I hope they will tune 'em  
To sing with their might to the praise of the Knight  
Who founded our dear *Repandunum*.

Nov. 4, 1891.

*To Mrs Gambier Parry in return for a bunch of Violets from Highnam with best wishes for the New Year.*

*Answer—(with one of the said Violets inclosed).*

Sweet flower of Highnam, whose delicious breath  
Doth make this Old Year pleasant in his death;  
Waft back to that bright Home from which you came  
Our Love and Gratitude. Be still the same,  
Dear flower, in fragrance that thou art while here,  
Omen of sweetness for the opening year.

*Dec. 31, 1893.*

*The Gold Locket.*

*"There lived once a young girl whose perfect grace of character was the wonder of those who knew her. She wore on her neck a gold locket, which no one was ever allowed to open. One day in a moment of unusual confidence one of her companions was allowed to touch its spring and learn its secret. She saw written these words, 'Whom having not seen I love.' That was the secret of her beautiful life." (The changed Life. H. DRUMMOND.)*

Once there lived a maiden fair  
Loving, gentle, lowly,  
Doing all with grace most rare  
That was brave and holy.

Never idle, never vain,  
All false ways declining,  
Patient in distress and pain,  
Tried, yet unrepining.

Friends who thoughtless were before,  
As they watched her bearing,  
Wondered at the grace she wore,  
And her grace in wearing.

Marvelled what that secret power  
In her soul existing,  
Day by day, and hour by hour,  
Worldly wiles resisting;

Marvelled how, where'er she went,  
Love and peace too entered,  
Innocence and sweet content  
Seeming in her centred.

Wondering thus, her friends in vain  
Pressed her to discover  
What that locket might contain,  
Gift of friend or lover?

That gold locket which she wore,  
Ne'er to any speaking  
Of the secret which it bore,  
Though they oft were seeking,

Was it a lost parent's hair  
Who, on deathbed lying,  
Begged her that small gift to wear  
Till she too were dying?

Was it the last gift of one  
Who, in battle smitten,  
Knowing that his course was run,  
Sent the words there written?  
None of these. But there were traced  
Words that spake the beauty,  
Which adorned her soul and graced  
Works of love and duty.  
These the words that locket bore,  
"Lord, with all my being  
"I do love Thee, and adore,  
"Though I love unseeing."

May 18, 1892.

*Mary Mortimer's Song.*

In this lovely little garden, in a corner of the Bay,  
He asked me if I cared for him, I could not say him  
"nay."  
For, when we were but children, I had always felt,  
"what joy  
"If my husband one day should be like that pretty  
sailor boy"!   
For four long years my Willie has been tossed upon  
the main,  
And a sad fear has come o'er me that we ne'er may  
meet again;  
For again the flowers are blooming in the merry month  
of May,  
And since I heard from Willie 'tis a twelve month  
and a day.

And I know that, whether on the land, or on the  
stormy wave,  
My Willie is in danger, for no lion is so brave ;  
If cannon-balls are rattling, he'll be foremost in the  
strife,  
Or, if a mate be overboard, he'll plunge and risk his  
life.

He will do it for his honour's sake, his country's, and  
his ship's,  
And, though it kill me, he will die with my name  
upon his lips ;  
So, while the flowers are blooming and all joyous is  
the day,  
My soul is sad and weary on this lovely morn of May.

What sail is that? what noble ship comes sailing  
towards the land?  
Be still my heart, is Willie's voice among that cheer-  
ing band?  
'Tis his gallant Arethusa. Will she bring him back  
to me?  
And down she flew, her fate to learn, whate'er that  
fate might be.

Oh ! happy is that meeting, and blessed is the day,  
And never did a lovelier pair adorn that garden gay ;  
And never did the church-bells ring a richer, merrier  
peal  
Than when sweet Mary Mortimer was wed to Willie  
Neale.

*On my Birthday, Anno Aetatis 69.*

*"Many happy Returns!"*

I was a boy of ten years old :  
And when the day came round  
On which I heard those welcome words  
How gladsome was their sound !

They spoke of coming manhood :  
They brought a host of joys ;  
Kind greetings ; welcome presents,  
Of money, books, and toys ;

And presence of my fellows,  
For which boy-nature yearns,  
And thoughts that seemed the heralds  
Of numberless 'returns.'

When more than twice ten years had flown,  
Still those glad words came round,  
But something of their freshness  
Was wanting to the sound.

Still in my heart an echo  
Responded, when some voice  
Said, "If thy years are many,  
Thy friends will still rejoice."

And now I near the limit  
Of three score years and ten,  
After 'returns' so 'many'  
I hear those words again.

*INTERVALLA.*

And I seem to think it matters  
Much less than once I thought,  
'Returns' how few or 'many,'  
If I use them as I ought.

So working for the present  
And thankful for the past,  
May my each 'return' be happy,  
Each happier than the last.

And, if the next should happen  
In another world than this,  
May it be where sorrows vanish,  
And nought survives but Bliss !

*Dec. 23, 1888.*

*Paraphrase of the Lord's Prayer.*

O Thou, at whose command  
I first began to be,  
Who daily, with a Father's hand,  
Dost guard and succour me ;

In Heav'n Thy dwelling place, O Lord,  
Angels surround Thy throne,  
O be Thy name on earth adored,  
As now in Heaven alone.

"Thy kingdom come ; Thy will be done,"  
Yea, ev'n on earth below,  
May Christ prevail, and Satan fail,  
And Good in triumph go !

THE LORD'S PRAYER.

91

"Give us this day our daily bread,"  
Whate'er our lot may be,  
And may all work, of hand or head,  
Be done, O God, for Thee!

Father, forgive us, O forgive  
The evil we have done,  
And make us ever, while we live,  
Forgiving—like Thy Son.

O let us not be tempted, Lord,  
Beyond our power to bear;  
But, where the Foe would plant his sword,  
Thy shield or helm be there.

I ask in faith, for Thou art King,  
O'er space and time supreme;  
Therefore with Angels will I sing  
Of Thee—their glorious Theme.

1884-5.

*Epitaph on my dear friend and colleague, T. D. Archibald,  
with whom I sat in the Court of Common Pleas, and  
travelled the Oxford Summer Circuit in 1873.*

Ἀγαθὸν δικαστὴν ἔνδον, ἄνδρ' ἀμύμονα,  
ὦ τύμβε, κοιμᾶς. οὔτος Ἀρχίβαλδος ἦν.

Oct. 21, 1876.



*Epitaph given to me by Lord Coleridge, May, 1883.*

Pray for the soul of Gabriel John  
Who died in 1891  
But whether you pray or leave it alone  
'Twill be all the same to Gabriel John  
Who died in 1801.

---

*Translated by me same day.*

Ora nunc pro anima  
Gabriel Johannis;  
(Primis ille sæculi  
Obdormivit annis.)  
Ora—sed si negliges  
Quod rogo præstare,  
Nihilo-minus animam  
Possis adjuvare.  
Nam pro ejus anima  
Multum seu oraris,  
Sive precem singulam  
Dare recusaris,  
Nihil prorsus interest  
Gabriel Johannis  
(Qui in primis sæculi  
Obdormivit annis).

1883.

*To Sir E. Fry  
for an inscription on a Sun-Dial.*

Sole aperto,  
Pro incerto  
Tempus est Diei.  
Sol non latet;  
Hora patet;  
Ecce donum Dei!

1894.

*Inscription on a copper bowl presented by A. D. and  
C. A. D. to each other on their 10th (the "copper")  
Wedding-Day.*

Non sunt frustra  
Duo lustra;  
Pleniorem  
Dant amorem.

For twice five years of wedded life  
We thank our God above,  
Since every year to man and wife  
Hath brought fresh stores of love.

1894.

*Inscription for a Shield to be contended for in the Oxford and Cambridge Athletic Sports—in memory of J. G. Chambers, an old "Light-blue"—who was also a champion walker, and a great patron and promoter of athletic sports of all kinds—(each line was to come within a given space on the rim of the shield and not to exceed 23 letters).*

IN · MEMORIAM · I · G · CHAMBERS  
 REMIGIO · STADIOQVE · CLARI  
 ÆTATIS · ANNO · QVADRAGESIMO  
 INOPINA · HEV · MORTE · ABREPTI  
 HVNC · CLIPEVM · PRÆSTANTIÆ  
 IN · CERTAMINIBVS · VIRILIBVS  
 ET · PRÆMIVM · ET · ARGVMENTVM  
 AB · ALTERVTRA · ACADEMIA  
 POSTHAC · IN · SÆCVLA · TENENDVM  
 D · D · D · AMICI · MÆRENTES

31 Jan. 1886.

*On a silver bowl presented to Rev. Wm. Rogers, Rector of St Botolph's, Bishopsgate, Nov. 24, 1894.*

IN · PERPETVAM · AMICITIÆ · ET · AMORIS · MEMORIAM  
 WILELMO · ROGERS · A · M  
 HOMINVM · HVMANISSIMO  
 AMICORVM · AMICISSIMO · PASTORVM · FIDELISSIMO  
 ANNIS · VITÆ · LXXV · IAM · EGREGIE · PERACTIS  
 HVNC · CRATERA  
 D · D · AMICI  
 GRATI · ET · GRATVLANTES  
 A · D · VIII · KAL · DECEMB · MDCCCXCIV

1894.

*On a tablet in Lincoln's Inn Chapel to the memory of  
Lord Bowen.*

IN . MEMORIAM . VIRI . DILECTISSIMI  
CAROLI . SYNGE . CHRISTOPHORI  
BARONIS . BOWEN . DE . COLWOOD  
HVIVSCE . HOSPITII . NVPER . E . CONSILIIS  
CVI . ÆQVALES . FERE . OMNES  
PVERO . ADOLESCENTI . ET . ÆTATE . FLORENTI  
SE . IPSOS . POSTPONENDOS . SENSERVNT  
RVGBEIA . QVOD . ILLVM . IN . LVDIS . ET . IN . STVDIIS  
PRÆSTANTEM . INSTITVERIT . ADHVC . GLORIATVR  
OXONIA . ILLVM . COLLEGIVMQVE . SVVM . BALLIOLENSE  
INTER . ALVMNOS . LECTISSIMOS . COMMEMORANT  
ILLVM . OMNES . IVRISPRVDENTIVM . ORDINES  
COLLEGAM . SOCIVM . AMICVM  
NON . MAGIS . ELOQVENTIA . DOCTRINA . SAPIENTIA  
QUAM . MODESTIA . COMITATE . ET . SALIBVS  
EXIMIVM . AGNOVERVNT  
NVLLI . QVAM . NOBIS . FLEBILIOR . OCCIDIT  
CRVDELI . HEV . MORBO . ABREPTVS  
A . D . IV . ID . APRILES  
A . S . MDCCCXCIV  
ÆTATIS . SVÆ . LX

1895.

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